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THE DUCHESS' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

A STORY WITH SEVERAL MORALS, AND NO PARTICULAR PLOT.

Mrs. ROBINSON was at a ball, sitting along-side the Duchess of Castelfonda, a real live French duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Who was Mrs. Robinson? She was an American lady, and that is enough. Be assured she was no body whom you know. There is not the least possible allusion intended to the Robinsons of X — place, who are in your set, or the Robinsons of Y — street, who are not. If you *will* be very curious, her husband came originally of an English family, and was related to the Mr. Robinson who made that famous tour with Messrs. Brown and Jones, a year or two ago.

How did Mrs. Robinson come into her present position? Travelling for mere guide-book purposes is pretty plain sailing in these days of Murray and steam, when all the world speaks English, and the rest of mankind French. But travelling abroad, or living abroad, for the sake of foreign society, is another matter, and somewhat of a mystery still. Every man can go to Corinth now-a-days, but not every man or woman can see all the Corinthians. Overhaul the list of your own and your friends' experience; you will find some queer pages in it, and not a few puzzling contrasts. Mrs. M — goes abroad, dines with a prince in one country, lives at an earl's house in another, and so forth. Mrs. N — every way her equal, moving in precisely the same sphere at home, and fortified with as good antecedents and recommendations, takes very nearly the same tour without receiving the least attention worth talking of when she gets back. She thinks it very queer. But, queerer still, Mrs. O —, who was altogether 'second set' compared with Mesdames M — and N —, takes *her* tour, and knows twice as many great people as Mrs. M — did; in fact, has scarcely any thing less than a duchess on her visiting-list. How shall we account for this? Without pretending to do so fully, we will suggest some partial explanations.

In all circles, except the strictest court and diplomatic ones, where every thing and every body go by label and ticket, change of country

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has a tendency to modify a man's social position, either by causing his antecedents to be ignored, or by (excuse the expression) diminishing the probability of his consequents. He has travelled partly away from the social distinctions of one country, without fully entering into those of the other. There is a stage of society in which foreigners, *as such*, are natural objects of aversion, and the same word expresses a *stranger* and an *enemy*. But this state of things is true only of a barbarous stage. Among all respectable classes of civilized society there is, on the contrary, rather a prepossession in favor of a stranger, (except, of course, where particular national enmities come into play.) We need not seek any very lofty or disinterested motive for this. All classes or sets (with the *possible* exception of purely intellectual ones) must get tired of one another; and it would hardly be going too far to say that the more eclectic, and exclusive, and fashionable a set is, the more self-wearying it becomes. All your 'punkins,' of all countries, would willingly change their circle from time to time if they could do so without permanently descending from the pedestal of their real or fancied dignity. If they could take up people of other sets *for a time only*, they would be glad to do so. Now the stranger comes in exactly to supply this want. He gives them freshness and variety of ideas for a time, and they are not troubled with him afterward. Therefore they are willing enough to receive him, if he saves their dignity by making the first advances. And if, in addition, he puts himself to what the French call the expenses of the intercourse, not metaphysically merely, but also literally, they are not only willing but delighted to associate with him. But if the stranger pretends to meet them on equal ground, and is not ready to make a gratuitous and repeated outlay of money, or flattery, or both, then the case is altered; his claims are either critically scrutinized, or dismissed without scrutiny.

This is one reason why fashionable success abroad does not follow home rules, nay, sometimes seem to reverse them; and also why the very people whom you would suppose most qualified for living and enjoying themselves abroad frequently return in disgust after a very short trip, considerably un-Europeanized in their predilections; for these had stood too much on their dignity, supposing themselves to be some body on the east side of the Atlantic, because they were some body on the west, or laying too much stress on a few introductory letters, or on other claims of which we shall say more presently; in fact, considering that they had changed their country only, and not their sphere. Whereas Mr. and Mrs. Nobody, not supposing themselves in fashionable society, to begin with, make the same efforts to *get* into it that they would at home, and often with greater success.

We have incidentally alluded to letters of introduction. No part of our subject is more dubious and more difficult to reduce to rule. Perhaps one might venture to condense the result of one's experience into two general propositions: first, that such letters are much less readily and frequently given in Europe than with us; second, (what seems rather paradoxical at first,) that they are of much less value when given. But you will find much contradiction in practice, and many exceptions. One friend will tell you that he has derived the greatest benefit from

his letters ; another, that equally good ones have been of no appreciable service to *him*. Nay, I have known A to be better treated *solely on the strength of B's letters*, than B had ever been himself by the persons to whom he recommended A. This is a case which can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than that of accident or caprice.

But to return : there is one cause of complaint often alleged by Americans against Europeans. You hear it most frequently from 'our best society,' and it is one of the reasons why they are so often disgusted with Europe. But it applies generally, and is only oftener heard from them because their accidental position brings foreigners in America more into contact with them. The charge is this : that Europeans, after being treated with every possible attention in America, do not reciprocate this treatment to Americans, even their very entertainers, who visit them in Europe.

This want of reciprocity may be as disagreeable to the subjects of it as if it arose from systematic ingratitude or intentional contempt ; but such is not its real origin. It is attributable to a difference in the manners and customs of the two hemispheres, want of attention to which often puts people in a false position.

The Americans are eminently a hospitable people ; probably the most hospitable among civilized nations. There may be sectional shades of difference ; one part of the country may be more so than another ; but, on the whole, it is a hospitable country, in its internal as well as its external relations. It is a mistake to say that foreigners, *as such*, are particularly run after or made much of by our fashionable society. An English or French gentleman is treated in New-York, for instance, as a Philadelphian would be, or *vice versa*. Just refer to your own experience, reader mine. You go to Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore. You know Smith of the city in question — not very intimately either. Perhaps you travelled a day with him somewhere in Europe ; perhaps you drank sherry-cobblers with him one night at Newport ; at any rate, you saw enough of each other to conclude mutually that you assimilated pretty well. You arrive in Smith's city ; forthwith you know all his family, from his grand-mother (if you choose to take notice of her ; Young America does n't generally of old people) to the little children. Smith's governor asks you to dinner, after which you are carried off to a party somewhere. You are introduced to every body in Smith's set, and they all ask you to whatever is going on in the way of festivity. In short, you are at once admitted to a whole social circle on the strength of having known one of the younger members of it. If Smith had come to your city, you and your set would have treated him in precisely the same way.

Now, on t' other side the pond the case is very different. Whatever may be the social virtues of the western Europeans, hospitality is not a prominent one. Not only so, but hospitality which has any tendency to be off-hand or promiscuous is regarded as vulgar and contrary to good taste. One of the ridiculous traits usually attributed to the *parvenu* in a European novel is his continually asking people to dinner on short acquaintance. Nor is the etiquette of acquaintance the same. From your knowing a young man, even to a considerable degree of intimacy,

it does not by any means follow that you know the older or the female members of his family. You may be on speaking acquaintance with a European for years; he may present you to his wife and sister; he may ask to be presented to yours or he may not; and the latter is quite as likely as the former. Hence we see that a European, in treating an American just as he would have done one of his own countrymen, does not come up to the American's standard; so that our countrymen (and women) are apt to take offence where none was intended.

A practical question of some importance results. Ought we to change our manner of receiving foreign travellers, and do no more for them than they or their people would do for us? This, reader, is a question which you must answer for yourself. It has been somewhat debated of late, and there is a good deal to be said on both sides; but if you will take my opinion as worth any thing, I say No! Are our customs in this respect better than the European? *Me judice* they are, after making all allowance for extravagance and ostentation, and whatever other errors you may detect in them. If they are, it would be a poor and profitless sort of spite to change them for such a cause. I would not be dishonest with a rogue, or dishonest because there are rogues in the world. I would be hospitable on principle, without stipulating for re-payment in kind. Still, there is much to be said on both sides, and you must judge for yourself.

There is yet another phenomenon worthy of remark in this connection — one which has surprised John Bull not a little. It is the position of sundry American residents in Paris, among the very exclusive *colerie* of Parisian society. This is to be explained partly by the above-mentioned American proclivity to hospitality, and partly by the relation in which the 'upper ten' of France stand to the rest of their compatriots, including the powers that be.

France is probably the only country in the world — certainly the only European country — whose rulers are not 'in good society' at home; where the court is not the source and arbiter of aristocratic fashion. It was so under Louis Philippe; it is so under Louis Napoleon, though political quidnuncs prophecy a change, and predict that all the Faubourg St. Germain will go over one by one to the imperial colors. But as yet no lady of the old aristocracy will show herself at the Tuileries; nay, no man, unless he be an officer in the army, and therefore obliged to present himself there as a part of his professional etiquette. If the Faubourg St. Germain disowned the court, much more must it the finance, which is only a lower stage of the court set, angling on to whatever is the court for the time being — Orleans or Bonaparte.

Thus the Faubourg was thrown on its own resources for self-entertainment.

Now, the Faubourg St. Germain in itself was a small set — very well bred and well educated, no doubt — but somewhat dull withal, and inclined to be wearied of itself, and want a little variety — as indeed we have remarked that all small and highly exclusive sets must be. But why should it not give balls to itself? Are not a hundred

people even enough to keep up a dance together all the year round, if the accessories hold out?

Ah! reader, in that last *if* lies the secret. The Faubourg was comparatively well off—far enough removed from the poverty of the Spanish Hidalgo—but yet by no means so rich as some other Faubourgs of its own city, not to mention the fashionable aristocracy of some other countries. And loving external show—as what Frenchman does not?—having also caught a sort of Anglo mania in things equine, and essaying to improve on its English models—the Faubourg must turn out the neatest and best-appointed equipages in the Bois de Boulogne. Loving the stage—as what Frenchman does not?—the Faubourg must have its opera-boxes; and in consequence of these out-door expenditures, the Faubourg had little left to give itself balls at home. But the Faubourg must have balls to go to; most idle people like balls, most fashionable people require balls, most Frenchmen cannot exist without balls; and the Faubourg was very idle, very fashionable, and very French.

At this crisis appeared, like gods out of the machine, various rich Americans, who from time to time (*uno avulso non deficit alter aurens*) settled in Paris, because Paris was a very nice place to spend money in. These began to entertain, with characteristic hospitality, hanging out to the natives, just as they used to do to their countrymen at home; and the native aristocracy were very glad to come, since not only they were fed and danced for nothing, (that is to say, for the honor of their company,) but they had a common ground whereon to meet, without lowering their dignity, other sets of their own townsmen. And thus it happens that almost the only place where you are sure to meet representatives of *all* classes of French society—Legitimist, Orleanist, Court, Finance—is the ball-room of some rich American. There is an English proverb about a certain class of persons who make feasts, and a certain other class who eat them; I don't know if the French have a corresponding proverb in their language, but they understand the practical illustration of it to perfection.

Bless me! says the reader, have you taken all this round-about to tell us that Mrs. Robinson gave a ball, and the Duchess came to it? Do n't be in a hurry, friend reader, Mrs. Robinson did n't give a ball—at least not on this occasion. She was not only alongside a real French duchess, but at a real French ball, given by a real countess of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Countess Bazalion; which involves another digression.

Mrs. Robinson had in her party a very nice girl, Miss Robinson; not her daughter. Mrs. R—— was not old enough to have a daughter 'out;' she was niece, or cousin, or something to Robinson—at any rate his ward. Now, the Robinsons were at the *Italiens* one night, and in a box nearly opposite them were their friends, the Smiths, (when I say their friends, I mean that the Ss and Rs belonged to the same set at home, and went to each others' ball, and so forth.) These meetings are frequent enough now, when our countrymen who winter in Paris may be counted by thousands; sometimes you will see so many of them at the *Italiens* that you might almost fancy yourself in Astor-

Place again. Well, with the Smiths was the young Count Chateaudore. He often came into Smith's box, for he liked to be seen with a pretty woman and a stranger; it gave him a chance to show off—*poser*, as he would have called it—and made his friends ask questions. And the Count, having observed sundry telegraphs of recognition between the Smiths and the Robinsons, inquired of Mrs. S. who her friends were, and was informed accordingly. He took a casual glance at Miss Robinson through his glass, and observed that she was nothing extraordinary, or words to that effect.

'But she's a great heiress,' quoth Mrs. Smith, 'four millions at least.'

Eight hundred thousand dollars is a good round sum enough when enunciated in American coin; but put it into French, and it becomes quite stunning. The Count took a rapid rub at the glasses of his lorgnette, and an energetic survey of Miss Robinson. It was astonishing how the young lady improved on second sight. He pronounced, in a more positive tone than before, that she was 'not so bad.'

The Count was related to the Countess Bazalion. How it happened exactly, I don't know, but soon after, Mrs. Robinson was presented to the Countess at some ambassador's ball, and before long the Countess actually gave a ball herself, and asked all the Robinsons to it.

So now we have got fairly back to Mrs. Robinson. Perhaps it was as well to give her time to collect herself, for she did not feel entirely at her ease. She could talk French fast enough and correctly enough too—not like poor R —, who used to confuse words now and then—interchange *menage* and *manege*, for instance. Neither her maid, her milliner, nor her mantua-maker—those three Ms that are such capital letters in the alphabet of a lady's life—ever could excuse herself for non-execution or mal-execution of orders, on the ground that she had not understood Madame. But when it came to good society, she was always afraid her foreign accent might expose her to ridicule. This was one of her most sensitive points. She wanted to talk exactly like a French lady, more than half-suspected she did n't, and was therefore continually nervous lest Frenchmen or French-women should laugh at her.

O my dear Mrs. R —, when will you exert a little of that good sense and reason which PROVIDENCE and your Anglo-Saxon instructors gave you, and see that being ridiculed and being ridiculous are two very different things—that in estimating the damaging power of ridicule, the agent is to be taken into consideration, and not the object only? How the finished rogue laughs at the honest, quiet citizen! How the man-about-town derides the scholar! How the grasshopper in the fable overwhelmed the poor ant with her ridicule! O Mrs. R —, there are other things which you have not unlearned, and which you would be sorry to unlearn, and which all your home-friends will be still more sorry if you ever do unlearn, but which make you quite as ridiculous in the eyes of these elegant Parisians as your foreign accent. It is ridiculous in you to go to church so often. It is ridiculous in you not to know all about the intrigue of the Marquis de Machin and the Russian Princess Choseoffski, and not to take any interest in it after it has been

explained to you. It is ridiculous in you to have your children tagging at your heels half the time. It is ridiculous in you to think so much of your husband, and so little of other men. It was very ridiculous in you to snub the Baron de Boisbrulé so when he made love to you (on the second day of your acquaintance) and to have been so distant to him ever since. The Baron thinks you quite a savage.

But though Mrs. R ——— did not talk much to the Duchess, for fear of exposing her accent, she took a pretty comprehensive survey of the great lady, and came to the conclusion that she herself, simple Mrs. R ———, was considerably younger than the Duchess, at least as good-looking, and quite as well dressed. And as she arrived at this satisfactory result, she began playing with her embroidered handkerchief, when suddenly she started, with so much surprise in her countenance that the Duchess could not help looking at the cause of her surprise — that is to say, in the direction of Mrs. R ———'s hands — and immediately her countenance also betrayed indubitable marks of astonishment, though of course she was too well-bred to blush. Well *might* she be astonished, for on the corner of the handkerchief was conspicuous an embroidered coronet, and under the coronet were the Duchess's own initials!

The awkward pause that ensued was broken by the French lady. 'I believe, Madam,' said she, 'we have made a mistake, and exchanged handkerchiefs;' so saying she possessed herself of the coroneted one, and handed over her own to Mrs. Robinson, who, though utterly unable to conceive *how* the exchange could have been effected in the first instance, was rapturously glad to have it rectified, and at once set about inspecting the recovered article, to make sure that it was all right this time. But soon she looked more perturbed than ever, for there in the corner were the same coronet and initials! The ladies compared the handkerchiefs; they were precisely alike, stitch for stitch, only one was a thought more perfumed than the other. What had been done, and what was to be done? The Duchess had not brought two handkerchiefs, and Mrs. R ——— came without any; that seemed sufficiently obvious. Yet both of them were the Duchess's, as far as marks could make them. Mrs. R ——— was on the point of saying that it probably arose from a washer-woman's mistake; but then she doubted if a duchess could reasonably be supposed to have any direct knowledge of such people as washer-women. Both parties were in a great state of marvel, which might have continued indefinitely, for any thing either of them could do to throw any light on it, when suddenly a young man — not the Duke of Castelfonda, who *wasn't* a young man by any means — invited the Duchess to the supper-room, and the Duchess was so delighted with the attentions of this young beau of the 'Baby Club' — a flourishing infant of thirty-eight, or thereabout — that she quite forgot the cambric mystery, and walked off, leaving the original cause of surprise in Mrs. R ———'s hands.

That lady did n't care about supper. She was anxious to go home. Robinson was not in the least unwilling to gratify her. He thought a French supper not worth staying for; a very contemptible affair, where there was little wine and no punch.

His wife could hardly sleep that night for continuing to wonder about the handkerchief, and the first thing next morning she overhauled her washer-woman ;

‘That is to say, she would have done, but that she was prevented,’

like Guy Fawkes in the song ; for the washer-woman lived in the country, as most French ones do, it not being the Parisian custom to have a laundry at home ; and as the wash only came on Saturday, and it was now Tuesday, she must wait nearly a week for any information from that source. So meanwhile she unbosomed herself to her maid. Mlle. Marie, after the usual profusion of shrugs and exclamations, set her wits to work to account for the phenomenon, and soon recollected that, having to get Madame a pocket-handkerchief at the last moment on the previous evening, she had taken one from Monsieur’s room, which was nearer the parlor than Madame’s, knowing that Monsieur had very handsome handkerchiefs, fine enough even for Madame to carry.

Here was a chance for a family scene. Luckily Mrs. Robinson was too sensible a woman to be jealous, and Robinson too proper a man to give her just cause. But she could not resist the opportunity for bantering her husband, (few women can,) and poor Robinson, who had never spoken to Madame de Castelfonda in his life, and hardly knew her by sight, found himself ‘run’ in a way that mystified him exceedingly. When at length his better-half condescended to a serious explanation, his perplexity was by no means dispelled, nor did a sight of the object afford any assistance to his memory.

No very long period elapsed before Robinson might have been seen, if any one had been in his room to see him, making a deliberate investigation of his whole wardrobe, and that without calling in the assistance of his valet. It was no brief task ; for Robinson, like many of his countrymen, who have (or indeed who have not) lived abroad, rejoiced in a pretty extensive stock of foppery. Without going into other particulars, it may be sufficient to observe that his especial weakness was for lace and cambric, about which he knew as much as any woman. His dress shirts were something super-exquisite, his white cravats had lace points, and some of his handkerchiefs were, as Marie had said, fine enough for any lady to carry. As often happens in such cases, he was not completely informed as to the extent and limits of his wardrobe. He was tolerably conscious himself that his servant might appropriate a few stray articles without his being likely to miss them. But that that worthy should have *added* any thing to the stock was not over-likely ; beside, though Monsieur Joseph, being a Frenchman, had, of course, his ‘successes,’ he did not quite aspire to rank duchesses among them. However, as Robinson proceeded with his investigation, he discovered that *some body* had put some things there which were not his. First he fished up a false collar — Robinson never wore false collars ; he would have repelled the insinuation of such a possibility with indignation : then came to light a check shirt, of a pattern which he did not affect. How the dickens did these things come there ? He, like

his wife, began to suspect the washer-woman of gross carelessness. There were no more strange pocket-handkerchiefs, however. Stay, though! — from the bottom of a heap appeared one, though very unlike the original cause of doubt. It was of coarser texture than any of those near it, and marked with — not a coronet or a duchess' initials; but a big T, in indelible ink.

A light flashed on the mind of the puzzled man. Not many months before, young Thompson, fresh from his trans-atlantic home, had occupied that very room. The Robinsons were just going off to Switzerland when Thompson, the son of an old friend, made his appearance in the metropolis of pleasure. Robinson, unable to do any thing else for his visitor, had left the apartment at his disposal during their absence. One day Thompson left the premises in haste, possibly not quite sober; probably he carried away some of Robinson's linen, at any rate he left some of his own behind. Monsieur Joseph had made an observation thereanent at the time.

Thompson, therefore, must have introduced the coroneted handkerchief into that wardrobe. But where did *he* get it from? Leaving all other considerations out of the question, his Parisian residence had not been exactly coincident with the fashionable season. Robinson would write to Thompson and ask him. Alas! Thompson had started, as Americans will, to 'do' all Europe and part of Asia and Africa in six months. It was hard saying in what part of the globe he might be at that moment. So, for the present at least, nothing was left for Robinson but to wonder away. The washer-woman, when her day came round, could throw no light on the matter.

But it so happened that the very next week Robinson received a letter from Jones, then sojourning in Rome, which, among other gossip, enumerated sundry of their compatriots then to be found in the Eternal City, and mentioning Thompson among them, with the farther information that he (Thompson) was to stay there a whole fortnight, 'to see every thing that could be seen.' Thereupon Robinson, without taking into account the nice little piece of work that his former guest had undertaken — enough to keep him busy twenty hours out of the twenty-four, if he went through it conscientiously — wrote off to beg an elucidation of the handkerchief, always provided there was no secret attached to it which involved any one's honor.

The answer arrived in due time, somewhat illegible, and bearing marks of haste and fatigue generally, inasmuch as the writer had been to nineteen *palazzi* that morning. Thompson could not precisely say how the bit of cambric had come into his custody, indeed, did not know that he had ever had any thing of the sort; but he remembered being out of handkerchiefs on one occasion, and borrowing some of Mrs. Thompson.

Now Thompson was not married in the least. Nevertheless, Robinson understood perfectly who was meant by Mrs. Thompson.

The modern Parisians are not on the whole very similar to the ancient Athenians, but they have some points of resemblance to them. Among others, they have elevated their *hetæra* into a not merely recognized, but actually conspicuous and celebrated class of society. Only, while

the Aspasia of Greece were renowned for their mental accomplishments and intellectual brilliancy, their representatives in the French capital are, if you will believe the satirists and *quasi*-moralists of the day, densely ignorant and astoundingly stupid. But in this judgment, involving as it does a high compliment to the fashionable society of both sexes, to the taste of its male and the attractions of its female members, the satirists in question are but half right. They err from judging cleverness and stupidity solely, or almost solely, by a literary standard. Ignorant and uneducated these women doubtless are, so far as concerns orthography and grammar; but profound students of human nature, great readers of men, if not of books. It is said that there are self-established grades among them, and that such as are actresses profess to look down upon those who only practice the other branch of the profession, but in truth they are all actresses, and can play any part which their immediate interest suggests. They can be gay or pensive, savagely jealous or blindly indifferent, according to the tastes of their temporary friends; they know how to disarm suspicion, or to excite jealousy, according as either course is the more expedient. In short, they lead a man whither they will, by successful appeals to his vanity. And therefore, in a great measure, it is that they have attained their position in France, elsewhere unattainable; for your Frenchman is the vainest of men; and though sharp enough to cheat others, may be cheated himself with equal ease, when you have once found the *corde sensible* whereby to play on his vanity. This explains, too, why Young America is victimized by the same class to such an extent; for the American, though less afflicted with vanity than the Frenchman, has a good deal in comparison with some other nations.

Thompson's stay in Paris, though short, had been long enough to entangle him. The original name of the lady above referred to as 'Mrs. Thompson,' was probably lost in obscurity; but she was known to the gay world as Mademoiselle Amanda.

No doubt, reader, however philosophic you may be, it has happened to you once in your life to fidget about some essentially unimportant matter, until, by mere dint of fidget, it became of the greatest importance to you. So it was now with Robinson. He could not rest till he had 'spotted' the handkerchief. Up to a certain point he had traced it, and Mlle. Amanda might have appropriated a coronet just for fun, as ladies of her class sometimes do; but the initials were as far as ever from being accounted for. Perhaps he would have ended by absolutely calling on her to ask for an explanation, though quite conscious that such a step would be possibly compromising and probably ridiculous, when another lucky accident suggested to him another way. He received an invitation from Wilkinson to attend his house-warming.

Wilkinson was a gay young bachelor, who had just left that rendezvous of gay young bachelors, the Hotel des Princes, for furnished apartments. Oh! if his Presbyterian father and his Congregational aunt could have seen the kind of house-warming he was going to give, and the sort of celebrities who were to 'assist' at it!

Nevertheless, you may accompany us thither for a short time without fear of being shocked; for there will be some green Americans present,

and to make a proper impression on them, appearances will be preserved, at least, till after supper. It looks pretty much like any small ball, where there is a good deal of energetic dancing, considerably more polka than quadrille.

It has sometimes occurred to me that if the ladies — the *real* ladies — who cultivate so assiduously the worship of Terpsichore, as developed in the modern rites of waltz, polka, schottisch, etc., could know, even approximately, the stamp of dissipation which these amusements bear in their origin and associations; what a place they occupy in the fast life of Paris, how far excellence in them goes to give reputation and success in what the French call *thirteenth-ward society*, (farther, probably, than any thing except the *musique à la Marco*, the jingle of the almighty coin,) how generally the young man's initiation into the mysteries of the light fantastic at Cellarius' or Laborde's goes hand in hand with his initiation into vice and profligacy — if they knew these things, *perhaps* they would not be so rapturously fond or so exclusively devoted to this particular sort of relaxation. But of course our ladies do n't know these things. How should they? Perhaps it is very shocking in me even to hint at them.

The male portion of the company is not wholly made of Americans. By no means. Beside some other foreigners, Spaniards or Italians, there are numerous natives. Most of these wear orders. You must not suppose they have not a perfect right to do so. Decorations are cheap in these parts. It is not necessary to do any thing very great, or even any thing very bad, to get one. The Legion of Honor is a pretty good-sized army in itself, say fifty thousand. You shall see a man with some thirty-six stars and ribbons. He keeps a box full of them, about as big as a good-sized trunk, and delights to pull them out and show them to his acquaintance on small provocation, like a child exhibiting his toys. Yet this man positively never did any one remarkable thing in his life. He did n't even shoot any of the town-snobs (*bourgeois*) in that little affair of December 1851. But once he was sent to a duke's wedding, and another time to a king's funeral, and another time he travelled with a prince's mistress, and on each of these occasions some body sent him a decoration.

Robinson, however, was not looking for any one of these decorated gentlemen, nor for any of the otherwise decorated ladies. He was seeking a compatriot, one Johnson, a middle-aged bachelor, who had been much behind the scenes, literally as well as metaphorically. Johnson was perfectly posted up in all the chronicles of scandal and gallantry for the last fifteen years; could tell you how many men *La Belle Henriette* had ruined, and what hospital she died in, and whom Prince Rubleskoi had patronized after he quarreled with Mademoiselle Sauterelle, of the Grand Opera. There are people who call this sort of statistics *knowledge of the world*, and regard those who are ignorant of them as uneducated simpletons.

'Good-evening!' says Robinson, 'I heard from our young friend Thompson the other day. He has n't forgotten the fair Amanda yet.' ('Should n't think he would!' parenthized Johnson.) I was to pre-

sent his remembrances to her, but she doesn't seem to be here to-night.'

'No ; the Duke has a little private spree of his own going on to-night somewhere.'

'The Duke ?'

'Yes ; the serious man, since Thompson left.'

What had serious men to do with Miss Amanda ? Reader, *l'homme sérieux* is the one who pays the expenses, and a very serious thing it is, as may you never learn by experience.

'But *what* Duke ?' persisted Robinson.

'Why, the man with the very black whiskers — Castelfonda.'

Robinson fairly clapped his hands for joy. He had accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut this time. Evidently the Duke had given some of the Duchess' handkerchiefs to Amanda. Delighted at having attained this satisfactory conclusion, he ran off home immediately, yet not time enough to escape the notice of the *Sewer* reporter, who was present, disguised as a French waiter, and who gave him a prominent place in his next letter.

Whether Mrs. Robinson ever explained the matter to the Duchess, or whether she even sent her back her handkerchief, I really do not know. Like Robinson after he made the discovery, and story-tellers generally 'I came away then.'

CARL BENSON

T H E D E A D .

I.

The plough-share may thy hillock turn,
The corn about it grow ;
The rustic bind the golden sheaf,
Above thee lying low.

II.

The sun may glimmer on thy bones,
And they neglected lie,
And bleach in every winter wind,
And every summer sky.

III.

It is as well for thee that such
Should be thy body's doom,
As if it lay in sculptured vault,
In deep cathedral gloom.

SIGMA.

T H I N G S F L Y I N G .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Time is flying — fast the sand
Leaves the hour-glass in his hand;
Where his feet have hurried by
Ashes, bones, and ruins lie.

Hope is flying — this her strain,
While she seeks the open main,
'Where the waters foam and rage,
I can find no anchorage.'

Ah! the star is fading fast
That burned bright above her mast,
And the mid-night soon will veil
Her bright, disappearing sail.

Peace is flying — notes of war,
Trumpet, drum, and cannon-jar
Have affrighted her from earth,
And she seeks her place of birth.

Birds are flying — Autumn drear
Whispers of old Winter near,
And they seek the golden strand
Of some flowery tropic-land.

Leaves are flying, sere and pale,
On the wild November gale;
Thus poor human glory flies,
Thus dissolve our earthly ties.

Youth is flying — and his voice
Will the heart no more rejoice;
On his bloom hath fallen blight,
Changing it to corpse-like white.

Love is flying — woe and sin
Have our Eden entered in;
Funeral dirge and tolling bell
Marred the song he sang so well.

Wealth is flying — let it fly!
Trust in things that cannot die;
Coffins, destined for the mould,
Vainly we inlay with gold.

Truth is flying — weary strife
He hath waged with wrong for life;
Armed again for conflict stern,
Let us pray for his return!

Pray that God may give him power
In the deadly trial-hour;
While the hosts of sin and error,
At his war-cry flee in terror.

REMINISCENCES.

FREEDOM OF ACTION BEFORE FREEDOM OF AGE.

My first recollection goes back to that dim day, the great eclipse of the sun, when hens went untimely to roost, and *very* wicked people to the stool of repentance: then came the pulling down of a neighbor's old house, by piece-meal. I watched this wooden skeleton to its dissolution, and from its ashes I gathered innumerable pins, needles, buckles, and fish-hooks.

I, of course, attended the instructions of a school-mistress, and was watched, worried, and corrected by turns.

The corrective process to which I was subjected by my considerate mother, I now refer to, because I think it may be new to the nursery discipline of the present day: whether adopted or original, it serves as a just commentary on her head and heart. It consisted in tying by a slender cotton thread the young offender to the bracket beside the fire-place, which he did not dare to break, for fear of something worse. That delicate thread afterward became a cable, attaching me to her gentle will and noble heart for all time.

The next degree I took was in the town school, where I graduated as Master of Arts, in knocking marbles, pitching peach-stones, kicking football, playing 'base,' skating, snow-balling, swimming, and kite-flying.* The *half*-school-days I devoted to the study of natural history, and the skins of minks, wood-chucks, and squirrels were the trophies that found admirable relief when nailed on the barn door; but a grander destiny awaited them, when, emerging from a cheese-box, used as a tanning-vat, they were speedily elevated to the responsible duty of protecting the delicate foot of woman. Soon arrived the period when a sense of responsibility began to bud. The question for weeks was, 'To what academy shall he go?' I was for getting away from home, where there were no horses to harness, no cows to drive, nor onion-beds to weed; but this was deemed too wholesome a discipline to be abandoned, and consequently it was decided that my academic pickings should be confined to my native town. At the expiration of eighteen months I bore away a volume of Cowper's poems, (the gift of the preceptor,) and *all* the classical knowledge that I could carry in a satchel-bag. Although I resided in sight of the spires of Harvard, and within hearing of the recitation-bell, and wished them nearer, yet I was only permitted to contemplate at a distance the varied delights and advantages of college culture; for another knell suddenly broke upon my ear, and summoned me away from the arms of Virgil to those of *Jeremiah*, with whom I preserved agreeable and amicable relations for eighteen months, as an under-clerk in his store at Boston. My master bore no resemblance to his great prototype, except in an occasional lamentation over a bad debt.

* THE rudiments of fishing I practised in a Bishop's clay-pit, with a pin-hook.

We all know what an extensive dealer the old prophet was among a people of grievous defaulters; for he said, 'Trust ye not in any brother,' and he was wonderfully fruitful in all kinds of admonition. At this period I imbibed a taste for pulpit eloquence, and no promising candidate or established minister of any church escaped me.

The theological firmament was then illumined by the celebrated Channing, the eloquent McKean, the cultivated and humorous Kirkland, the impressive and learned Thatcher, the erudite Nichols, the good and ardent Henry Ware, Jr., the popular and excellent Lowell, the profound Norton, the logical Palfrey, the graceful and polished Frothingham, the forcible and argumentative Walker, and the inventive genius of Holly, enshrined within the form of an Apollo.

The following lines, from the glowing page of Shirley, might be applied to Holly:

— 'HATH report brought to your ear,
In the stock of men, one that hath had the praise
Of wit, of valor, bounty, a fair presence,
A tongue to enchant Heaven? These wait on him.'

The following verses, written by a waggish poet now dead, were suggested by the call Mr. Holly received to assume the presidency of a university in the West:

'HEIGH-HO! heigh-ho! the HOLLY,
Was WILLIE SHAKESPEARE'S cry;
Our hearts, in sad response,
Shall echo back the sigh.

'No more beneath its shade,
Instructed, charmed to sit:
Uprooted! gone! can we
Contentedly submit?

'No! BROWN MAY WEST-ward go,
And tell them 'tis all folly,
Among their crooked sticks
To plant our beauteous HOLLY.

'Under the GREENWOOD tree
Meanwhile we'll sit secure,
For time its early blossoms
Will ripen and mature.

'On you now, trusty stewards,
Each one of us depends
For wholesome meat and drink,
Air, exercise, and friends.

'Whene'er we wish to ride,
A PALFREY we may hire;
Or, if our active limbs
A WALK-OR run require,

'In fertile KIRK-LAND straying,*
We'll pluck the fragrant rose.
For many a flower there
Beside the poppy grows.

* KIRKLAND was accused of feeling unseasonably sleepy at times; hence the allusion to the poppy. CODMAN, MORSE, and HUNTINGDON were Presbyterian ministers; GREENWOOD was just becoming known, and BOILS was a predecessor of HOLLY, and a famous wit.

'Utensils for our table
We wish you to prepare;
At Cambridge may be had
Useful though homely WARE.

'You'll please to purchase, too,
A cow, for beef and marrow;
If she can only LOW-WELL,
No matter if she's FARRER.

'MAKE-KEEN our carving-knife,
We often want to use it;
So bright its slender blade,
We hope not soon to lose it.

'No superstitious slaves
Shall fill our bowls with terror,
A FREEMAN's steady light
Dispels the mists of error.

'We want no Charlestown pork.
With Morse their pigs they cram;
No fresh, nor salt, nor smoked,
Not even a FROTHING-HAM.

'Supply us not with fish;
To you this may seem odd, man;
GILLS are a tasteless dish,
And nauseous as a COD-MAN.

'The mild and good, though GRAY,
We'll welcome with a smile;
And if with trouble HARRESS'd,
Keep always free from GUILF.

'Our park, so well inclosed,
No PARK-MAN needs to keep it;
The fence is much too high
For HUNTING-DONS to leap it.

'But lest you should conceit
Old BOILS broke out again,
We'll drink our favorite toast,
And thus conclude the strain:

'MAY BROWN WEST continue
Rich in grace and piety,
And long remain the stewards
Of Hollis-street Society.

1818.

This 'governmentology' may now be rescued from oblivion, I trust
A new sphere of action now opened before me. After assisting at
the ordination of Rev. James Walker, (now President of Harvard College,)
on the fifteenth of April, 1818, at Charlestown, I started for New-York
the following morning, and was fifteen hours in reaching Norwich, fif-
teen hours from thence to New-Haven, and ten hours, by steam-boat
Fulton, to New-York.

Never were forty hours more crammed with expectation. No sensa-
tions consequent upon events in after-life have exceeded them in intens-
ity and fullness. The brilliant march of the commercial emporium of
the nation had then begun to attract general attention, and its probable
destiny the theme of daily discussion.

How I went in breathless haste to see the three great lions of the city, Federal Hall, Battery, and Harbor, and how soon did the bustling routine of the counting-room, and the rougher claims of the store, displace the novelty of sight-seeing!

With what a pride I regarded Thomas H. Perkins, seated by the side of Philip Hone, while the latter, with his rich, sonorous voice, knocked down a Canton cargo to a congregation of purchasers convened from the East, West, North, and South!

What scores of letters were prepared for the packet, which sailed monthly, and on the tenth, and how rare a thing was an Englishman in any of our cities!

I can recall one, (the landing and examination of whose library I superintended,) who purposed making this country his home, but unfortunately he went up the North River in *musquito* time, and was so annoyed and disgusted, that he determined to return to England; and he did, forthwith: he is now probably released from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

This was a novelty of the first water to my then green experience.

In this new field of employment my taste for pulpit eloquence found fresh exercise.

It was the day of Mason, Romeyn, Whelpley, McClellan, Cummings, Mitchell, and Hobart, not to forget Mathews, Knox, and Strong, the pupils of Mason, and imitators of his manner and tone, and the devout and excellent Milledoller.

Mason had already achieved fame; his vigor was impaired now, and probably his intellect. I failed to discover in his discourses even the wreck of a gifted mind. That which I recollect of him with the greatest distinctness was a humorous reprimand dispensed from his pulpit to his people: 'My hearers will please understand that the afternoon service commences at three, and not quarter-past three o'clock, and those young gentlemen who wear horse-shoes on their heels will oblige me by bearing it in mind.' The power of earnestly and successfully appealing to the consciences of men was possessed by Hobart in an eminent degree. In his ministrations the ardor of Peter was aptly blended with the boldness of Paul, and honesty of purpose breathed through and consecrated all his professional efforts. The Episcopal Church has rarely possessed an ally of greater power.

At this period the Rev. Mr. Larned visited the city on his way to New-Orleans, where he met an early grave. He held crowds captive for many evenings by his winning eloquence. His manner was faultless. The audiences assembled to hear Mr. Hooper Cummings appeared to consist chiefly of the young and middle-aged. When he preached he was always the handsomest man in the house, and his oratory both striking and agreeable. He was a revolving light. In 1819, a movement was made by several New-Englanders to introduce the preaching of the Unitarian doctrine. They held their meetings in a building corner of Reade street and Broadway. Popular clergymen, settled and unsettled, were summoned successively from Boston and its vicinity, to guard and nourish the strange vine. Freeman, the pioneer, was succeeded by Channing, Norton, Everett, Francis, Palfrey, Brooks, Ware,

Frothingham, Lamson, and Brazer ; and I believe it will be conceded that there never has been an equal amount of genius, scholarship, and moral worth exerted and concentrated in securing for a handful of men of the nineteenth century a stated ministry of a controverted faith.

The result of this religious enterprise was the erection of a church in Chambers street the following year, when the Rev. Edward Everett delivered the dedicatory sermon, and where, soon after, the Rev. William Ware (author of the *Palmyra Letters*, originally appearing in the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*) was settled over the Society. The brief period which Mr. Everett devoted to the ministry was sufficient to give him rank among the most accomplished and eloquent divines of the day. Unfortunately for the interests of literature, 'he hears at a distance the noise of the Cametia, he rushes out of the grove of Egeria, and Numa and the muses call after him in vain.'

Mr. Everett's subsequent career is well known to the country. If he had inherited the moral courage of a Holmes or a Burgess, his success as a politician and statesman would have been more complete.

That eminent man, Channing, who was the most prominent and effective ally in this Unitarian movement, had, for the greater part of his life, the look of an invalid. In person small, eyes large, dark, expressive, even penetrating ; a forehead not broad, but rather high and beautifully proportioned, with a lock of hair slightly covering one of his temples. His usual gait and bearing in the street might lead one to infer that he had something very precious under his cloak ; for he generally hugged the wall, and seemed desirous of escaping any mortal touch. I have met him when I thought he was giving violent search after a lost thought. He never had an unoccupied look, nor could have. He manifested little personal sympathy for man, as a social being, *except* as an object to address from the pulpit, or reach with his pen. He saw more defects in him, and could suggest more curative processes than most of his contemporaries. No person, perhaps, ever dwelt so long, and with equal felicity of illustration, on what he was accustomed to term 'a great truth,' love to God and man.

His discerning and lofty mind was so successful in gathering and concentrating the rays of moral light, and so skillful in directing it to any desired point, that truth and duty often became transfigured to the unawakened and desponding conscience. To be among a million of unknown people was to him better than being with one known man. His whole life shows a disinclination to general intercourse, and when in Europe, he neither sought the society of his equals or superiors. He regarded the world as a congregation convened in *his* presence, and to be swayed by *his* instructions ; and without the exhibition of any vanity, he seemingly maintained that high position as much by their consent as his own.

When the late George Canning returned to Dr. Bowring a volume of Channing's sermons, his admiration of their quality and design was only paralleled by the surprise he manifested at never having heard of their author before.

Although I was still quite a novice to matters and things in this hemisphere, the power of visiting another was conferred upon me.

Visions of England had swam before my eyes in many a gorgeous form and coloring; but to see and touch the charming reality before attaining my majority was almost a thought too exquisitely thrilling to entertain. However, embarking in company with Labouchere, Boebie, Jones, and other passengers, I landed at Liverpool on the day Napoleon died. Our captain cracked our daily supply of hickory-nuts *at the table*, on a lap-stone; they were the product of his own farm, near Hudson.

As I looked out of the window at the Waterloo Hotel on Sunday, I fancied that the women were all painted, and the men mighty spruce-looking. I could not conceive that such fresh, rosy faces were the natural product of any human realm.

Now I wanted the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus, that I might see and compass this magnificent island at short-hand; for its numberless and ever-recurring objects of attraction so captivated my youthful fancy that I thought I might die of sudden repletion. But here a tranquillizing thought entered my mind, in the novel shape of my great-great-great-grand-father, who trod this very soil. Then why may I not feel *at home* and secure? A calmer joy came over me after this, suggestive of the idea that repose must follow action, and with some degree of system.

I carried with me a school-boy map of the country, and had supposed the towns to be as near together as they were on the map. This illusion soon vanished on passing through Lancashire to Yorkshire, where every foot of ground, save the moors, wore the aspect of nice cultivation, and every public building and work that of endurance.

'George Humble, dealer in spirituous liquors; late groom and jockey to Sir George Armitage, Bart. N. B. Good stabling.' I noted this down at the time, and now recur to it to show how *liquor* had the ascendancy over a baronet's name then.

The impressions produced on any thoughtful mind on first visiting this famous land, so teeming with recollections of a glorious past and a present renown, no subsequent revelations of after-life can either efface or weaken. The landscape is full of beauty and of life, and speaks to the heart as well as the eye. Artists might be posted at every mile, and find rich and ample material for the exercise of their skill. The clean, glad face of Nature here *must* woo and win her faithful votary; and when she frowns her smile is not eclipsed, but partly hid.

The first country residence I visited was that of Mr. Haigh, in Yorkshire, where its charming surroundings of walls, walks, gardens, and terraces, embraced in thirty-eight acres, impressed me most favorably, and conveyed a realizing sense of the style of living then common among opulent manufacturers. Major Croker, who had served under Wellington at Waterloo, was one of the guests at dinner.

From one delightful spot I went to another, with my senses steeped in any thing but forgetfulness. The vegetable world was fresh and glowing with promise; every field was pencilled, and the entire realm appeared to me to be unstained by the fall of Adam. Young John Bulls, as thick as they were long, followed the coach and turned 'cart-wheels' most of the way to Leeds. Here were renewed those rural and domestic pleasures which had so won my regard at Mr. Haigh's. I soon found

myself at the country-house of Mr. James Brown, whose grounds were inclosed by a brick wall, embracing within its spacious area all those evidences of taste and comfort, that result from an intelligent use of wealth. Not very remote from this charming abode is the residence of a gentleman who, to my then juvenile discrimination, I regarded as a model. His acquaintance forms an era in my recollection of men. I have never met an individual who I thought possessed in an equal degree with Mr. Benjamin Gott, what I will term insight, that faculty which makes itself felt at the termination of a discussion on any leading topic.

Here was a man who could never be taken for any body else. His bearing and person were peculiar, with an eye as penetrating as his thoughts. He struck me as one who possessed a private key to hidden treasures of knowledge. Political economy, mechanical science, and political philosophy all met in him, and were discussed without disturbing the harmony of his conceptions, or occasioning any intellectual jar. He seemed as conversant with the anatomy of the body politic as Sir Astley Cooper was with that of the body corporeal. I was so surprised at the extent and variety of his natural powers and acquirements that I did not care to find out, if I could, wherein his ignorance lay.

The Marquis Wellesley is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott: 'The Marquis's talk gave me the notion of the kind of statesmanship that one might have expected in a Roman emperor, accustomed to keep the whole world in his view, and to divide his hours between ministers like Mæcenas and wits like Horace.'

Mr. Gott's talk produced a similar impression on me. I learned soon afterward that this gentleman's presence was often solicited in London by members of parliament and cabinet ministers, when important questions of national policy were subjected to discussion, and no doubt many a speech has been made to *tell*, after being well filtered through his head. The elevated spot on which he lived, and the house and grounds that embellished it, were in admirable keeping with the man, and what added a crowning charm to the place was, a family to match, and to be familiar with it was to be in the very circle of enchantments.

Juvenal somewhere says,

'Of all life's various curses, few so great
As woman's daring, backed by large estate.'

Any body would have been willing to test the truth of this couplet here.

A circular road, connected with the main one, led to the residence, and as I ascended it the views, gradually varying and enlarging, revealed glimpses of a country below and around, clothed in the most beautiful apparel of spring; the venerable ruins of Kirkstall Abbey was an imposing feature in the landscape, and from no other spot does it produce a more picturesque effect. The original structure was a mixture of the Norman and early Gothic style that prevailed about the twelfth century. Situated in the bosom of a sequestered vale, on the banks of a gently flowing but unnavigable river, and almost surrounded with dark woods, the ivy, relieving the 'ruggedness of its abrupt lines,' imparts a softness

to the whole picture ; and what might heighten the impression to many observers would be the recollection that within the roofless choir and mouldering cloister were chanted pious hymns, and there, in ' holy contemplation wrapped,' people and priest in sacred reverence bent.

I will only add to this semi-narrative of early experiences, that in the course of a few days I found myself at a whist party, where at one table a reverend vicar of the Church, aged eighty, rejoiced over a triumph, while my partner at another (who counted her forty-two grandchildren) did the same.*

I might be inclined to extend these remarks, if I could count upon an extension of patience from the reader.

D. E. N.

Banks of the Cissym, Nov., 1854.

I D E A L I N E .

'For ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A finer form or lovelier face.'—SCOTT.

I.

THERE is a gentle fairy form,
Whose witching grace conspires to warm
The coldest heart with love,
And wrap the soul in classic dreams
Of sportive nymphs in crystal streams,
Beneath some shady grove.

II.

Upon her brow, serenely bright,
A diadem of sacred light
So charms the lingering gaze,
She seems the goddess of that crown
Which raised ENDYMION to a throne
By its celestial rays.

III.

Dark-fringed with silk, her lustrous eyes
As bright as stars in summer skies,
If thine but once have seen,
Beware! or, in the captive soul,
Stern PASSION thenceforth may control,
And bid thee own a queen!

IV.

She hath an ivory cheek, so fair
The jealous Rose doth seldom dare
Its conquest to maintain:
For though the lilies may permit
The crimson there at times to flit,
'T is soon dispersed again.

* On this occasion it seemed as if the order of existence had been suddenly changed, and, like a young sprig, I was strangely projected into the 'Indian-summer' of time.

V.

She hath a lip whose graceful curve,
Of pure vermillion dye, would serve
Arch-CUPID for his bow,
To wing the love-inspiring dart
To trembling PSYCHE'S quivering heart,
The while he breathed his vow.

VI.

Whiter than snow-drops on a heath,
Mid coral flowers, her brilliant teeth
Seem to the raptured view ;
A sparkling string of Orient pearls
Her smile reveals, when'er it curls
The lip of crimson hue :

VII.

While, like that pure celestial ray
Which here creates perpetual day,
From HOPE'S inspiring eye —
That smile hath such a magic spell,
Sadness deserts her gloomy cell,
And Grief forgets to sigh.

VIII.

And when her gentle hands are pressed,
All artless, on her heaving breast,
To Fancy's eye they seem
Two lilies, floating intertwined,
Stirred softly by the wooing wind,
Upon a silver stream.

IX.

And if her voice in converse glows,
Such harmony of music flows
Enchanting on the ear,
Instinctively the spirit deems
'T is listening to the sacred themes
Of seraphs chanting near.

X.

But oh ! her *laugh* ! what harp hath found
The witching sweetness of that sound
That all around thee floats ?
Hast heard the ring-dove in its nest,
When fondly by the mate caressed,
It coos in liquid notes ?

XI.

Yet, if a *heart*, wherein imbued
Shine goodness, love, and gratitude
Graced not this beauteous flower,
She'd lack the brightest gem of all,
And thence were but a pretty *doll*,
And plaything of an hour !

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER SIXTH.

PART ONE.

'MR. G——, permit me to make you acquainted with General Count de B——, captain, at present of grenadiers, in the —— regiment of volunteers.'

'Most happy, I assure you; heard of the Count very often, though never had the pleasure of meeting him before,' was the reply.

'Ze plaisir is more zan equalled on my part, I do assure you, Sare. I, too, 'ave 'eard of ze lieutenant who did distinguish 'imself at ze fight wis Harney at Medellin. Be seated, dear Sare, wiz our comrades, and join in a glass of wine. Bless me! I did forget to introduce you to our friends!'

The formation of new acquaintanceship was speedily performed. With true military frankness all restraint was at once cast aside, and a pleasing unanimity of sentiment prevailed, as with oriental hospitality the *vino tinto* circulated.

The gentleman with the long titles was then not far from three-score years of age — if it be not rude to mention the time of life of one still in the market, looking out for a young wife — of the average height, with healthful complexion, iron-gray hair, falling thickly from the place where the wool ought to grow upon a brow unshadowed by care, and a large black moustache. Not considering himself as qualified by sufficient maturity for the society of old or even middle-aged men, he eschewed all such, for under his coat beat as juvenile a heart as there was in the service. The young officers all liked the 'Count,' or the 'General,' as he was sometimes called, retaining his ancient titles, though but a captain. Our gay, affable comrade was and still is a relic of the empire; and all who know him can observe how he flushes up, even to this day, at the mention of the spirit of the storm in his breast, he whom he still cherishes with idolatrous affection — Napoleon! The title of count was hereditary — I prefer to speak in the past tense of our friend, for though yet living, he is an exile in the State of New-Jersey — but that of general had been conferred by the self-made arbiter of the destinies of crowns and kingdoms. When Nap. was caged up in that speck of the ocean, St. Helena, the latent spirit of revolution manifested itself so wickedly that legitimacy shook in its boots. The Count then took such an active part that the attention of the government was called to him. An order for the arrest of the disaffected made flattering mention of him. 'He was modest; did not wish to give the provost-marshal any trouble in standing up a platoon before him; was n't such a fool; hoped they might catch him; came to the land of liberty and pumpkin-pies.

Although enjoying a pension from his family in France, and able to live independently of that, by imparting some portion of his volubility

in the polite tongue to young ladies, he had prudently declined to offend his rich relatives by any other course than that of pocketing both his stipend and the emoluments of teaching too. The Count believed himself to be a most accomplished English scholar; indeed, such was his infatuation on that score, since the war, he has seriously entertained the idea suggested to him of joining that certain political society yclept Know-Nothings, certain that no body could possibly take him for any thing but a real native. That, however, is not to the purpose in this place. 'Why do not you speak ze French as I speak ze English?' said he, one day, to a person who attempted to converse with him in French. 'Eh? — why not? You do work your jaws like one leetle cat in a fit when you attempt to speak my language!' When the war broke out, he became inflamed with a desire to buckle on his sword again, and obtained command of a company of volunteers, who were ambitious to serve under a real general. His veteran air made his opinions upon any point oracular, beyond a cavil or a doubt.

'Times have changed somewhat since your first campaign, have they not, Count?'

'Changed! — you are right, mi boy; times are not ze same as formerly,' he answered, to a question put in the mess-tent, 'for do you perceive, my brozare officers, zis service does not offer ze same inducement for ze young aspirant as my own. Zere was ze glorious Jena, Wagram, Austerlitz, Marengo — I will not continue zem.'

'Aye, and you had a chance to win the cross of the Legion of Honor. How were those things given?' pursued the interrogator, who well knew the Count's weak point of attack.

'If you desire, I will tell of a leetle affair in regard to ze cross, gentlemen.' All assenting, he continued his story:

'After one of ze engagements, a young officer was sent to bear dispatches to Napoleon. He did arrive at ze place ware ze Emperor was zen, just as a grand parade was going to come off; and in a carriage near him was one who did look much like ze Empress, come to see ze fine sight. Ze young fellow rode up, all covered wis mud and dust wis travelling, and 'anded a bundle of papers to ze Emperor. All ze grand officers of ze staff did frown and look astonished, but he did not mind zem. But wen ze Emperor looked up and talked to ze generals wiz him, and all ze ladies looked surprised at ze impertinent young fellow, he did blush up to ze eyes. Zen he feared he had committed some mistake, and had delivered a package of love-letters, instead of ze right papers.

'Who may be ze bearer of zis dispatch?' said ze *petit corporal*. 'Your humble servant, Sire,' said ze youngster. 'Are you ze captain of cavalry who first broke ze enemy's line? No, you must be too young, certainly,' he again went on. Zen ze chap did pluck up courage and reply, 'Ze same, Sire, who was so fortunate.' Zen all ze ladies did look pleased, and ze Empress motioned to ze *petit corporal*, who said somezin' to her. Ze very next morning ze impertinent young fellow went on parade as *chef-de-battalion*, and on his left breast did hang ze cross of ze *Legion d'Honneur*!' As he concluded his tale, he drew

from an inner pocket of his coat the beautiful inlaid testimonial mentioned, and reverentially kissed it.

'Well, yes, Count, but you have not yet told us how you got *your* ribbon and cross?'

'Ave not I?' said he excitedly, violently striking his swelling bosom, as he held aloft the symbol of great deeds. 'Zis, zis is ze young officer. But, dear me! I am betrayed into speaking too much of myself. How fine ze day is, to be sure! Will you pass ze wine, mi boy?'

If the Count was a pleasant companion in the officers' mess, he was more highly esteemed by the men in the ranks, who in fact doted upon him. 'Hurrah for the Count de Bunghole!' they used to exclaim; and he, instead of being offended by their impertinence, would gently correct their seeming blunder in his surname, which pronunciation, after all, was not much out of the way. A detachment was one day unexpectedly sent to scour the country, under the command of our friend the Count. From the suddenness of the occasion, he was obliged to accept the service of many stragglers, to fill up the required number. On the way back, the party halted at a rancho, ostensibly to search for the suspected, but really seeking a pretence to invite themselves to the hospitalities of the place. The Captain would fain have indulged his copper-throaters with a dash of the exhilarating fluid, but the host informed him that nothing of the kind was to be obtained for love or money; so he was constrained to let them refresh on milder cheer. With that strained politeness which characterizes the Spanish race, the *ranchero* spread his board, and gravely informed the Captain that the house and all that was in it was his own — a custom which not a little astonished us, until we became learned in their shallow doings. The table was waited upon by a fair — if a brunette can be called fair — *señorita*, to whom our friend made soft speeches.

The blandishments of the soft-eyed one had nearly stolen the affections of the old beau, a theft often perpetrated upon him, making him a willing prisoner, when the first sergeant, Maton, (whose fluency in the French made him a valuable favorite of the Captain,) joggled the memory of his officer, and the homeward tramp was commenced.

When near the marquee of the general of the division, our friend, whose head was completely filled with thoughts of future visits to the man who had the pretty daughter, turned to his command to restore order, for it was full time that loud talking and jesting should cease; but what was his horror to find that some inexplicable malady had seized several of the soldiers. One could scarcely stand straight with weakness of the joints, and his fixed, vacant stare showed that his visual organs were affected; and two or three others bore distressing marks of the ravages of the dreadful climate upon them. The kind-hearted Frenchman felt a deal of chagrin that his poor children — as, after the manner of some of the marshals of the empire, he delighted to call his soldiers — should, through his neglect, be exhausted and sickened.

Maton thought they would do well enough if permitted to lie down in the shade for a while. In accordance with the suggestion, two of the worst were directed to fall out and rest, which they most gratefully did.

By-and-by, as the party marched on, the men, for the most part, became abandoned to all idea of discipline, and some raved quite noisily. One of them, stumbling against a shrub, pitched forward, lost his balance, and lay upon the ground. The Count caught his musket as the man was falling, and immediately remarked its great weight.

'Bless me!' he ejaculated, as he threw open the pan and blew the priming from it, as a precautionary measure. 'Ze foolish fellow — *sacré!* he has stuffed his piece wiz cartreedges, 'alf way to ze muzzle!' He was amazed that such temerity could exist among well-ordered troops. Such a charge would not alone have killed the one who fired it, but all in the vicinity too. The Captain for the time forgot the sick man, and drawing the ram-rod, he sent it into the barrel with a heavy drive. With the shock the load apparently condensed, and at the same instant a jet of crystal fluid from the touch-hole certified to his dilating nostrils the true cause of the irregularity of step.

'Ha!' he said, as he laid his dexter fore-finger to the side of his nose, 'now I sink I smell somesin'.' The secret was out. All were silent, and seemed to labor under as much depression of spirits as did the musket-barrel when the Captain punched the cork down. In the first moment of anger he inquired the name of the soldier who had so exposed himself.

'I believe, Sir, that his name is O' G —, of the — regiment. I've heard him complain before of a weakness in his head,' was the reply.

'What sall I do wis you?' inquired the old Count, whose feelings were really hurt.

It was something out of the ordinary routine to consult culprits in such cases, and, as might be expected, no one was prepared to respond. All the wretched liquor was spilt on the ground as a sort of compromise, but no voice broke the silence. The Count pondered over the affair for some little time, and concluded his service with them by making a brief oration. He told them that he should leave the punishment to their own consciences; that for his part he should be ashamed to march at their head; and then dismissed them. The internal lashings of the majority of the law-breakers were so intense that they withdrew apart into the shade, and took a refreshing snooze. Moral suasion is certainly a fine thing in the army and navy, quite acceptable to all likely to come under its benign rule. Give men sixpence a day to be shot at, with not the slightest opportunity of attaining the rank of an officer, whatever may be their qualifications, and then appeal to their finer feelings!

PART TWO.

We had passed up into the country by Puente Nacional, a fine and substantial stone-bridge, which crosses the confluence of two wild rushing streams, and overlooked by a fortified hill. General Canolizo had deemed it expedient to retire before the head of the American army reached the spot; but his master, Santa Anna, had sent him back, with a flea in his ear, for the four cannon perched upon the summit of the

eminence, and by the aid of threats and stout oxen, the guns were carried away, leaving the position innocent of mischief.

After marching for seventeen miles, without water to moisten our throats, we reached Plau del Rio, a guarded pass on the high-way to the metropolis, running through a profound ravine, and the road going over an elegant as well as substantial white stone-bridge. On an eminence, enfiling the fine structure stood a diminutive fort, commanding the road both ways; and up to the top of the hill we used to clamber by a tortuous, steep path. On the top of the highest tree on it we climbed to look for the enemy at Cerro Gordo, four miles further on.

In the plain, between two mountain ridges, by the margin of the pellucid Rio del Plau, we encamped. Of tents there were but three to each company, owing to want of means of transportation, but the best habitations that could be erected, under the circumstances, soon covered the land. Achilles himself had a tent or hut built of fir, and thatched with reeds, and had we not in him a famous prototype? All manner of huts and cabins, having no architectural claims but simplicity, like the nests of the birds of the air, and the lairs of the beasts of the field, rose like fairy mud-palaces, and teemed with busy life.

Of the three tents, one was the arsenal, in which were stored the arms and ammunition; another was for the provisions; and the third for the officers or the sick. An individual, whose personal description would have been precisely the same as mine then was, made an exploration of the bushes which formed the dense, dark-green back-ground. A seemingly dense copse was found to have a hollow centre of ten feet diameter, the arborescent foliage so meeting at the top as to form a chamber, far more pleasing to my taste than many an artificial one of greater pretensions. My taking up such an abode was not entirely a matter of necessity, but it was rather a luxury, when we take into consideration the paucity of accommodation of crowded tents and barracks, where, too, it was sometimes a marvel that the fetid air did not destroy all vitality. The respiration of so many human beings as were at different periods of our sojourn in that country packed into one sleeping apartment, seemed to absorb all the vital oxygen into their lungs, and there uniting with carbon, that grand component of poor humanity, in common with charcoal, generated carbonic acid, after which chemical transmutation it was breathed forth again, to poison the atmosphere. On opening the doors of the place where a couple of hundred men were stowed, a stifling fume would rush out. The fresh breeze bore off a gaseous cloud as a grateful bouquet to nourish and revivify languishing vegetables and flowers elsewhere; but that consideration did not weigh much with us. For the very good reason given above, I never failed to select an airy situation, rather encountering the dews of night than the unwholesomeness of in-doors in the tropics.

Slinging my grass-net hammock to lithe saplings, which added to the springy feel, there was a luxurious couch, pillow and all, for him who knew how to get into it, and a spill on the ground for the unskillful. Numerous were the execrations against the fool-hardiness of attempting to sleep on a clothes-line, from those who failed in poisoning their bodies aloft. It was not my business to instruct.

The more effectually to guard against rain, I had a thick blanket, secured by the four corners, with a ridge-pole in the middle, thus forming a complete sloping roof; then swinging my portable bed — the motion of which continued for a quarter of an hour, more or less — though it poured down a deluge, not a drop would reach me; and before the oscillations ceased, delicious slumbers took away all consciousness, and the clairvoyant spirit, on light pinions, flew away on a mission of love to the home-hearth. My sword generally hung on a bough, within easy reach, but my pistol never left my breast. One mid-night there was a stir, which aroused me, and made the pistol leap from its hiding-place at full cock.

‘Patience, my dear boy,’ said a voice familiar to my ears, and which belonged to my chum, Tom S —; ‘don’t fire.’

‘Is that you? What, in the name of all that’s good, brings you here at this time of night? What noise is that? — an attack?’ There was a confused sound of wagon-wheels, the rumbling of heavy artillery and trampling of horses on the high road, and what more natural than my interrogatories?

He yawned out a reply that the division of the army commanded by Gen. Worth had just arrived from Puente Nacional.

‘But why do you disturb me?’ I asked.

‘I don’t wish to disturb you. Make room for me in your hammock; sleeping on the ground is poor fun.’ To show that he was in earnest, he began to get in.

‘Wait! — you’ll break down the whole! — the rope is not strong enough for two. There! — it’s beginning to snap!’

The fallacy of my proposition was already demonstrated, for stretching himself at full length, he composed his drowsy senses to sleep. Soon afterward there was another aggression upon my personal rights. The bushes stirred, as something squeezed through them, and presently a hard-breathing, hairy face approached my own. Was it a wolfish visitant to my rural bowers? No, it was not.

‘Is that you, Charley?’ I whispered.

‘Wuh! — bow-wow!’ was the friendly reply of the new-comer, my friend’s favorite dog, of no light weight. Leaping into the hammock, he lay the remainder of the night at our feet. What is good for master is good for man, he seemed to say.

When the gay *reveillé* aroused us, the form of calling the roll was attended to; then the humble morning-meal was discussed; and afterward we sauntered here and there along the osiered banks of the Rio del Plau, or explored the woody hill-side. The danger of meeting a hostile reception, in straying down the course of the romantic stream, gave an additional zest to the recreation of the walk. We discovered a cave, from whose roof the water percolated, and the stalactites perpetually oozed and dripped water of a petrifying quality. There were bones of animals who had doubtless afforded a repast to Mars’ sacred wolf, and those, as well as branches and twigs, were turned to stone. High up on the sides of the mountains, whose exploration would require a labyrinthine clue, rose the scream of the ring-eagle and the sharp bark of the *coyote*, while flocks of bright paroquets chattered away in the

trees, and birds of various kinds made the woods vocal with their joyous notes. Allured by the scenery, many of the soldiers wandered thoughtlessly on, until the unseen bullet whistled through the foliage, more than once with a fatal effect. There were those in the morning of life, when the exuberant spirit heeded not restraint, who could not be intimidated by perils; they rather courted dangers. A party of riflemen came along, bearing a rude palanquin, made of branches of trees, on which lay one of their comrades. The poor fellow sighed out his parting breath as they bore him along. In an hour after that, they had finished the labor of love in hollowing out a grave for him; then, wrapped in his blanket, he was lowered into it, and three volleys fired over his remains. It was whispered about that he had not died unavenged.

How different is such a life to that of the denizen of the darkling city of brick and mortar, who only dreams of the green fields that the all-pervading rule of Mammon will not permit him to see! Such an one is not entirely unlike the monk who, lest the beauties of God's creation should seduce him, built up a wall before his window. W. H. BROWN.

E L E G I A C .

I.

As lifts the dewy orient bowers a wing of deepest dye,
Or pale at morn the tender glows that light the northern sky;
So 'mid the radiance faint and white, and new of Paradise,
She went, as if it dawned for her, before she left our eyes.

II.

Aye, fair her end, her young past, too: from false, unlovely things
Of time she ever turned, and bent to sure sweet minist'rings;
The play of finer sympathies, in most exultant life,
Dissolved with her like melody, with rare excelling rife.

III.

Since then, O fraughtful years have been unto my breast and brow;
A distant, noteless wreath of cloud is all her memory now;
Yet sometimes, and I know not why, will fancy lighten there,
To render from its hiding folds her image on the air!

IV.

And as again her seeking tread grows audible and near,
She, speaking not, for smiling, all her joy of greeting cheer;
And spreads her eye's blue heaven round, and rears her brow of snow,
How stirs the heart deliciously! — what tears ecstatic flow!

V.

It may not last, such happiness, for on the spirit's gaze,
Now strained all too eagerly, there drops a dimming haze;
And well it is the spell is brief, for feeling's tender sake,
(As if even the quivering sound's excess the crowded seed may break!)

JEROME A. MABEY.

T H E T R A N S I T I O N .

THE pure who seem to die in earth's rude strife,
Only win double life.' — KEEBLE.

O LIBERATED one! — shall tears be shed
For thy swift transit from this lodge of ours?
Where thou wert not at home, nor satisfied;
Where sudden frosts transfix the fairest flowers,
And even thy highest pleasures only led
To deeper thirst for joys that never shed
Their perfect bloom on sublunary bowers;
Joys to a purer, holier sphere allied;
For thou wert not a serf, but nobly born,
Of genius and of God — all low delights to scorn.

What shall we mourn? — thy pains? — earth's pains are past!
Thy losses? — gold henceforth to thee is dross.
Woes and bereavements? — they are o'er at last!
The dire death-struggle? — servant of the Cross!
Who had a martyr's firmness in thy breast,
Though o'er thy forehead on that parting day
We bent, and saw the chilling dew-drops start,
How can we in our groping blindness say
Whether the sentient nerve was quick to know
What oft our lips miscall — convulsion, pang, or throe?

Mourn *we* for thee? We, who the same stern field
Must reap, and on the same clay pallet lie!
For all these grosser particles must yield
To the same subterranean solvency,
Ere from its cell of mystery and gloom,
Amid the rending rocks and flaming skies,
And cleaving cerements of the prisoning tomb,
The immortal body in that glory rise,
Which HE who cannot swerve hath promised sure
To those who sleep in CHRIST, and patiently endure.

Thoughts from thy grave, dear friend, how strong their trace!
Bright wings unfold and spirit-voices cry,
There is no death! — but only change of place!
Can there be death to immortality?
In God's great universe is room for all
The souls that HE hath made. The shroud, the pall,
False banners of a fancied victory,
Behold! their tyrant terrors fade and fall!
Out of the ship, pale trembler! Tread the shore
Of the eternal life! Thy league with time is o'er!

Question not GOD! O creature of the dust!
Make no conditions where thy lot shall be;
Ask thou no pledge of HIM! Be still and trust;
Trust and be joyful, for HIS love is free.
Pass on in faith where'er HE bids thee go;
Gird thee with truth, in sun-light or in shade;
Uproot the weed of self, and meekly sow
Sweet seeds of love for all HIS hand hath made;
Build not on rituals: make HIS will thy text,
And all is well with thee in this world or the next.

L. H. S.

NEW-YORK SOCIETY

SEEN THROUGH A NOVEMBER FOG.

'By Jove! Frank,' said I, 'you've saved my life!' and I gave my coal-fire a fearful poke under the ribs, and catching a woe-begone chair by the ear, I dragged it to me. 'One half-hour more of this dolorous drumming pattering in my ears, ten minutes more of this infernal hum-drum room all to myself, you might have bid me good-bye for-ever! What under heaven was it, though, brought you here this dismal night? You surely could n't rain down. No! no! it does n't rain such good company in November. But never mind; kick off your boots and settle yourself comfortably for the night. Here you are, and here you stay.'

Frank's wet boots went flying into the corner, and his shaggy great-coat, gemmed all over with little rain-beads, was toasting itself complacently at the grate, and the ill-conditioned chair was teetering to-and-fro, with two pair of bachelor stockings on the top-most bar.

But I sprang up hastily, with a muttered apology for my neglect, and went fumbling about in the dark recesses that so abundantly perplex my thrifty land-lady, making fearful havoc in the serried ranks of flasks, and demijohns, and bottles, till my hand grasped the one it knew so well, and dragged it forth to light; but my heart misgave me when I heard no more that musical splash, and I knew that the spirit had departed, leaving for its legacy the fragrant odor of Glenlivet, that lingered so gratefully in my nostrils.

'It's no use to heat the water, Frank;' and I pulled lustily at the bell till our black Ganymede thrust in his grizzled head, ducking and ducking at the door, and chuckling his 'Yes, Sah's, till a thick cloud took him out of our sight, and by-and-by he loomed up again through the dense fog we were creating, bearing in his hands a half-dozen of Barclay and Perkins' best.

'Sam!' said my friend, irreverently curtailing my baptismal appellation, and blowing aside the wreathing smoke, 'how goes practice now, eh? any more dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums? any more measles and hooping-cough? population rising and health below par?' and Frank, by a spasmodic effort, just raised himself enough to catch a glimpse between his two toes of the eminently disgusted expression of my features, and relapsed, with a deep groan, into his chair.

'I declare to you, Frank, it's intolerable. Here I've been now these six months, spoiling the prettiest shingle you ever saw on a brick wall, smoking six segars per diem, studying Bulwer, and Thackeray, and Dickens by the cubic foot, writing poetry by the ream, and running up a score at the publican's that positively haunts me; and every single professional copper I have received in all that time wouldn't count up this day to a dollar; and the last patient I had — let's see; it was in September — she was a perfect African Venus for ugliness, and well-stricken in years at that. Well, her husband discharged me in a fit of jealousy and, what was worse, never paid my bill, which I had all beautifully

drawn up in my book, item, item, item, to the first of January. Isn't it a shame that merit and industry should go unrewarded?'

Frank's indignation must have been intense, for a perfect stromboli of murky vapor poured forth from mouth and nostrils, and puff after puff came up in silence, till the heavy cloud concealed him from my view.

I was resignedly consoling myself for the neglect of an ungrateful world, and straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of my favorite pantaloons pattern, when the fog lifted a little, just enough to show that Frank was travailing in birth of a new idea, and at the moment, the chair that has figured so conspicuously in our debate was abruptly kicked from under my feet, and down I came, in the most emphatic manner, on the floor.

Simultaneously, Frank, having brushed the red-hot ash of his Havana into the inmost recesses of his shirt-front, became visible, energetically enacting the attitudes of the Laocoön, and somewhat anxiously endeavoring to cleanse his bosom of that perilous stuff, so that we had no leisure for the present to attend to Frank's brilliant conception.

At last, after giving vent to a number of interjections that savored not a little of impiety, Frank regained his composure; the equilibrium of the unfortunate chair was restored, the two ugly old men in cocked hats were crowned anew with foaming ale, and poured forth their precious secrets in the most confiding manner into our bosoms; and two new regalias, pressed most lovingly between our lips, sent up their undulating smoke-ringlets to the ceiling.

Then Frank, in a more Christian mood, renewed the conversation: 'By-the-by, Sam, what ever became of that sketch you sent to the — what the deuce was the name of the thing? — the Re-Re-Regenerator or — something, you know what I mean?'

'Yes, Frank; made into lamp-lighters for the sanctum: the best thing I ever wrote, too. Confound the thing! Genius is never appreciated now, Frank. The brazen stupidity of Mammon, wrapping itself in the thick mantle of Arrogance, and slouching over its supercilious brow the polished beaver of sleek Prosperity, goes rolling along on the swift wheels of pampered affluence, trampling the hoarded treasures of intellect and precious thought, and crushing in its Juggernaut career the weary brains and aching hearts of Genius!'

'Lord bless your soul, Sam! and that's what makes the streets so muddy, is it?'

'But, Frank, I have it! I've got an idea! no more shall the sordid golden calves of Fortune ride abroad in sumptuous chariots, looking contemptuously down upon the poverty-stricken sons of Apollo! No! A new era has come, and I am the man for it; they shall be crushed, they shall be overturned; and this arm and this pen shall do it! Look here, Frank!' and I brought forth my last great manuscript, directed, 'Good Mr. Editor' — in a fair round-hand — 'to your most gifted self!' and I watched, with a sensation of most keen delight, the stunned and puzzled expression of Frank's countenance as he perused the title: 'The Soirées of Fifth Avenue; or, Belshazzar's Feast: being an Humble Attempt, by a New Daniel, to Interpret Suitably the Hand-writing on the Wall.'

'Well, now for the dream, and the interpretation thereof, O most excellent judge!' exclaimed Frank, recovering his speech, taking down his feet from their dizzy height to rest them on the broad cane-bottom of the chair, and taking an affectionate leave of his mug, 'Proceed, O Daniel, with the vision!'

'You remember, Frank, that great affair at Mrs. Plutus's last winter? It was the grand party of the season. You remember how the elegant envelopes containing the precious 'compliments' held possession for a full week of the choice corner of our looking-glasses; you know what mortal agonies we suffered, the last two days; how the black dress-coat bagged, and the pantaloons wrinkled and bulged out in most ungainly fashion at the knee! what a fiery trial our patience underwent when the patent-leathers came home at the very last hour, and clasped our tortured extremities in their unrelenting gripe, till we thought of the inquisition? You remember, on the eventful night, the glare of gas that blinded us when we entered the gorgeous rooms? the dignified obeisance of Mrs. Plutus, and the serene courtesies of the two eligible Miss Plutuses? you recall old Plutus, in his expanse of white vest, and his big diamond pin, the drops of agony upon his red and heated brow, and his husky tones of welcome? You have not forgotten the blaze of jewels, the sweeping trains of satins and velvets, the snowy bosoms, and the plump, tapering arms; the sunny brunettes, and the dazzling blondes; the flashing black eyes, and that pair of lovely blue that lured you away into the conservatory? Then you remember the crash of Dodworth's fiddles, and the imperious summons of the cornet-a-piston! how double sets were formed, and the mazy 'ladies' chain' and complicated 'for-ward three,' threw the long suite of rooms into one brilliant scene of confusion. There was nothing but the vile shrieking of fiddles, and the shrill contention of clarinet and cornet, and the rustle of wide-spreading skirts from one end of the parlors to the other. And then, when the sets broke up, and you fondly hoped for some rational conversation with the intelligent young lady kind Destiny had thrown in your way, one more scrape upon the violins, and up starts a horde of smart homunculi in frock-coats, marvellous tight continuations, and extensive cravat-ties, lovingly embracing as many Houris in their arms, and away they whirl in the redowa or polka-redowa, and one moment you come in contact with a force that drives the breath out of your body, and you recover to be precipitated into the arms of the charming young lady next you, who does not dance. And while in the very earnestness of an æsthetic discussion with the lady on your left, in whom you have discovered all the rarest qualities of intellect and the charms of sense, refinement, and delicate fancy, she is snatched away by a small monkey of an uncertain age, who stretches his neck to dislocation to address her, and your loftiest flight is checked in mid-career, and, plump, down you come to vulgar earth. And by-and-by she is dropped down in her old place, all red, and heated, and breathless, and actually *perspiring*, Frank! to beg of you her fan that you have been holding for her, like a fool, ever since she left you, and she utters some odious common-place about the heat of the rooms—she, that angel of perfection that you deemed her! And now young gentlemen are pulling up their limp

collars, and absent-minded old gentlemen are mopping their foreheads with huge bandannas, to the consternation of their fastidious consorts, and you begin to think yourself in Nebuchadnezzar's oven. And by the time you have thoroughly saturated the second handkerchief you so providentially brought with you, crash goes the band to the Druids' Chorus, and you find yourself passively swept along in the eddies of a human current, with a bale of silk at your right elbow, till you recover consciousness in a crush of gauze and satin, and black waiters are scurrying here and there, and toppling icebergs of cream are being assailed by a dozen eager knives, and aerial castles of fanciful confectionery are remorselessly hacked down; quivering shapes of delicate jellies, and spotless blanc-manges are ruthlessly carved away; cascades of foaming champagne, with a report like the crack of doom, descend inevitable upon rich dresses; and soups, and preserves, and *bon-bons* are spilled in ruinous profusion over the expensive tapestry carpet. And in the course of half-an-hour the table is strewn with the disjointed relics of that elegant banquet, and decidedly inebriated young men are moving for the door; the scene begins again in the parlors, and continues with unabated zeal till yourself, and all sensible men, take leave in sheer disgust. And when you wake up in the morning with a horrid head-ache, and disagreeable recollections of that bowl of punch, and intense loathing at the thought of breakfast, and some maudlin words upon your parched lips, intended to convey an idea of the angel you saw last night, do you feel, Frank, as if you had been fulfilling the whole duty of man? does it seem to you that you have been employed in the most suitable manner possible for an intellectual being? have you an idea that the dignity of your species has been thoroughly preserved, or that you have acted in every way consistently with the character you are anxious to preserve in the world of mind?

Irresistibly borne forward by the torrent of my eloquence, I had recklessly flung away the best half of my segar, and was declaiming over the top of my chair in such thrilling tones that Frank could sit still no longer, but rose and capered round the room, to the Mazourka step, and took up his position again before me.

'So, Sam, that's what you're after, eh? going to revolutionize society? — stop dancing-parties? — put an end to champagne? — introduce intellectual reunions? — form literary cliques and mutual admiration clubs? — have Mæcenas coteries, and Augustine festivals? — meetings of genius, and associations of literati? — make the whole *beau-monde* one grand Royal Society, and every four-foot-high dandy an F. R. S? Confound your impudence, Sam! do you know what a simoleon you're making of yourself?'

I really think Frank would have been annihilated, had he received the full benefit of the look I intended for him; but fortunately he was too indignant himself to notice my displeasure. But Frank never is angry long, and now he squared himself into an argumentative attitude and took up the discussion.

'Suppose now,' said he, and with philosophical deliberation he removed, with his little finger, the delicate white ash of his segar; 'I know not how near I may be to the truth, but suppose, for hypothesis'

sake, that there be now, in this our goodly metropolis, some five thousand, more or less, of rapid young men, with very high shirt-collars, exceeding great cravat-ties, and attenuated personal proportions; suppose that by unfailing attendance at those shrines of the graces, of which Saracco, and Dodworth, and Chaneaud are the high-priests, this patrician guard of ours have attained unwonted skill in the divine mysteries of schottisch, and polka, and polka-redowa: suppose that a corresponding number of young ladies, rendered more or less fascinating by varying amounts of personal or real estate, have been similarly initiated: suppose, moreover, that three or four hundred of these highly accomplished ornaments of society are thrown, by the chances of a party invitation, into a hot, glaring suite of parlors, three deep, never having seen or heard of each other before, and perhaps never to meet again. Suppose that the conversational fund common to the whole party consists simply of a few remarks on the gayeties of the season, the excellencies or defects of the reigning tenor or soprano; some trite criticisms on the half-dozen operas with which the poor Knickerbockers are periodically afflicted, and some exceedingly venturesome prophecies on the state of the weather for the week to come. (I once knew an evening party entertained till two in the morning by the discussion of the last topic alone.) Now, do you believe that you, Samuel Seaton, M.D., physician and surgeon, in good and regular standing, do you think that you, by the mere flourish of a goose-quill, by the vivid flashing of your wit, and the reverberating peals of your invective, or by all the keen, glittering weapons in your whole armory of satire, will be able to keep these three or four hundred young people, who have nothing else under the heavens to do, from dancing polka, and redowa, and the German, and the Lord knows what, as much, and as often, and as long as they see fit? And because you, a non-dancing and respectable member of society, albeit a little slow, have your toes trod upon, and the divine Miss Minerva whirled out of your grasp into the all-absorbing vortex of the polka-redowa, do you go home and clamber up to the saddle of your Pegasus, and put your inky lance in rest, and down visor, and charge full tilt against the whole ten thousand young ladies and young gentlemen who form the picked phalanx of New-York society? Why, what difference do you think it makes in the sum-total of human happiness whether ten thousand ladies and gentlemen of the first city on the continent drink champagne and dance, or drink strong coffee and talk scandal? You remember last winter you attended that 'reform party' of Mrs. Thucydides Lucre's, on the Avenue. You remember, too, how old Bluebore got you by the button-hole and edified you for one mortal hour on the condition of the stock-market, the prospects of Erie dividends, and the destinies of Hudson River; and no sooner had you escaped from his clutches than you were forced into a dismal recapitulation of the merits of that brilliant revival of *Le Prophète*, illustrated by sepulchral variations on the Æolian, on the chorus of the three Anabaptists, and you were only saved from leading out the venerable Miss Polly Hymnia to supper by the timely intervention of the scraggy Miss Diana Crane; and would you, reckless man that you are, would you draw down upon our heads a nightly repetition of these horrors? Why, my

dear fellow, only think of it! — of an endless tread-mill circuit, up one side and down the other, of three long parlors, with a ghastly smile to this acquaintance, and an insipid nod to that other; a sickly grin to your unhappy partner, to intimate that it's something funny, and a painful show of ivory to your friend, to express how much you're delighted; an eternal buzz in your ears, worse than a thousand cotton-spindles, a perpetual promenading to supper, without ever getting there, and uncheered by the grand music of Norma! that's what our parties would be without dancing. No, no, my dear fellow, you may stop dancing, but you can't stop folly; you may check the polka, but you can't arrest stupidity: full nine-tenths of party-going brains may as well be whirling in the redowa, as stagnating in the promenade; and for the matter of frivolity, I'd rather blow off the froth from the top of society than be choked with the dull lees that settle quietly to the bottom.'

Frank's segar, in his enthusiasm, had been suffered to go out, and it was some time before his face recovered its equanimity of expression; but the full flavor of the segar came back again after the first few nauseous puffs, and Frank, burying his hands beneath his coat-tails, and serenely surrendering himself to the enjoyment of the bright coal-fire, stood, with his back to the grate, blandly and patiently awaiting my reply.

'Frank, I do wish to heaven you had a more consolatory method of giving advice! Six dreary months have I been waiting in vain for a patient. The stirring effusions I wrote for our national birth-day are hopelessly buried in the chaos of oblivious Balaam. My thrilling romance of the Revolution, written for six numbers, was returned with 'regrets of the Editor; but, etc.' The pathetic passages from the 'Diary of a Young Physician,' with which I honored the new magazine, 'though they certainly possessed merit, were too exclusively professional: the Editor was sorry, etc.' And now, I swear it's too much for Job! the very minute I have hit on something that would astonish the world, would put me on the same pinnacle with Thackeray, and make me the lion of all civilized society, here you come to pare my claws, and stroke down my ruffled mane, and soothe my noble indignation, lest I should do myself a mischief, or roar too loud for ears polite to hear! Really, Frank, I do think you are cruel!'

'Sam, what a fool you are!' and Frank complacently readjusted the ends of his cravat. 'Did n't I, in the kindest manner possible, frankly tell you you were a jackass, when you sent those abominable doggerels to the New-York Palladium and Liberty's Guardian? Did n't I reason with you like a father when you were so infatuated as to use up six good quires of paper for the benefit of the Monthly Columbian Magazine and Literary Gleaner? Did n't I faithfully seek to convince you of the error of your ways, when you so madly threw away your invaluable genius on that block-head of an editor of the American Fillibustero and Democratic Promulgator? And did n't each and every one of those precious effusions go straight to the devil — much good may they do him — with peremptory orders for their speedy ignition? and now, forsooth, you deem yourself a lion, and must needs bray in public, for the edification of the polite world, and the infinite confusion of your friends,

and think all the while that we are to applaud and encourage you, and never to discover the long ears that protrude themselves so ostentatiously through the borrowed mane! Faugh! it makes me sick! it's too disgusting!

It was of no use. I am not convinced yet, but I cast my eyes once more, lingering and mournfully, over the sonorous title, and forced back the manuscript to its niche in my book-case. And if, by some convulsion of nature, this glorious metropolis, as erst the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, be entombed in all its vigorous life till centuries and tens of centuries have fled, the happy antiquarian of those times will find in the third right-hand pigeon-hole, upper tier, of a certain secretary, at a number in a street that modesty will not suffer me to mention, the most vivid, accurate, complete, and life-like portrait of New-York society, as it existed some years before the millennium, that the genius of man was ever competent to execute.

R E S T A L I T T L E .

I.

My soul is very weary with the crowds of sharpened faces,
Marked by CARE's keen and knotted lash in half a hundred places,
As jockeys mark a wilful horse to keep him to his paces.

II.

Whole continents of care are mapped out on men's visage,
And yet do true aims sanctify the anxiousness of this age?
That man of thirty, how came *he* with furrowed lines at *his* age?

III.

Ceaselessly the life-march moveth, tramping, bustling at all hours;
No taking noon-time in the shade, no weaving rustic bowers,
Or learning of the butterfly what he learns from the flowers.

IV.

In vain the babbling brook talks on, of music and of dancing,
Wavelet and ripplet o'er the pebbles singing, springing, prancing;
We have no time to look or hear, no minds for such entrancing.

V.

Repose is reason half the time for even the eagle's pinion,
Though up toward heaven is his flight, the pure air his dominion;
Man may not rest to low mean wants a bond-slave and a minion.

VI.

Oh! THOU whose loving-kindness wrought the beauties in the wild-wood;
The vine-hung rocks, the tinted flowers, the all that THOU hast styled good:
Pour out on wearisome, working man, one hour, one gush of childhood!

VII.

With soft sunbeams wile off for once the helm his temples fretting,
Give to his dusty brain and heart a warm, soft April wetting;
And on his soul in love shed down a baptism of forgetting.

THE FALLS OF THE GENESEE, AT ROCHESTER.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

AMID the forest gloom it breaks,
Amid the waving woods;
And, thundering on, its voice awakes
The deepening solitudes.

The beetling banks in grandeur rise,
Rock lifted over rock,
And whirlingly the vapor flies
In horror from the shock.

No human sound is here to mar
The torrent's solemn strain;
But gloriously the waters war
Upon the quivering plain.

The winter and the summer sun
For ages past have shone
Upon this torrent wild and dun,
Amid its woods, alone.

At mid-night, when the tempest roared,
These headlong waters dashed,
And, giant-like, their vapors rose
When mid-night's lightning flashed.

Ages rolled by, and yet the same
Unceasing, restless flood,
The cataract leaped in silver flame
Amid the trembling wood.

IN LATER TIME.

ANON the woodman, with his axe;
The ploughman, with his plough;
The sheriff, with his landed tax;
The milkman, with his cow:

The exile's wagon, loaded down
With churns and butter-press,
And babes, to make another town
In this far wilderness.

They reach this spot, this hallowed spot,
This organ of the woods,
And pitch the tent, and build the cot,
And pile their worldly goods.

Soon from its height the waving tree
Falls at the woodman's stroke.
And soon another minstrelsy
Amid these wild scenes broke.

The gathering groups were busy then,
The smoke was in the air,
And from the ranks of exiled men
Arose the evening prayer.

The doctor, and the lawyer too,
Have gathered to the spot,
And Love has tried what he can do
To build himself a cot.

The rushing tide leaps not as when
Upon their gaze it broke;
But, chained up by these iron men,
It moves the miller's spoke.

It turns the mill-stone in the mill,
It turns it night and day,
And all of power that's lost to skill
Is its eternal spray.

Like spirit of the toiling man,
That spray is free to rise,
And revel, after life's brief span,
In beauty 'mid the skies.

—
IN THE PRESENT.

Now, on the verdant valley grows
The yellow field of wheat;
And where the gentle current flows
Is rich Abundance' seat.

From valley green and fair hill-side,
The harvest chant resounds,
And sparkingly runs on thy tide
Amid these teeming bounds.

Tall, whispering trees are standing there,
And flowret's gently spring,
And maidens bind their golden hair,
And wild birds spread their wing.

And oft amid this pleasant scene
The Church uplifts its head,
And tranquilly in church-yards green
Repose the elder dead.

Oft, stealing from the opening wood,
When moon-light gilds the hour,
The red deer sees thy rippling flood,
Or seeks his sylvan bower.

But here thy lulling murmurs cease,
Thy mighty powers begin;
Here rolls thy tide of snowy fleece,
Here sounds thy battle din.

No hand can stay thy torrent quite,
No iron hold thee down;
No wall can cage thy vapor white,
That veils the toiling town:

But onward, as of yore thou woke
The forest with thy roar,
When in thy voice the ETERNAL spoke.
And smote the shuddering shore,

In glory and in grandeur dash;
Leap from thy barrier high,
And let thy seething waters flash
Their rainbows to the sky!

A COCK-FIGHT IN THE HAVANA.

BY ILWYVEIN.

ONE bright morning in the month of December, a few years ago, the Ohio lay swinging to-and-fro, under the guns of the Moro Castle, in the harbor of Havana.

Rising and falling on the breast of the billow, like a beautiful thing of life, with her tall masts tapering to the sky, her half-clewed sails hanging gracefully in the sun, and her bristling port-holes showing a row of teeth almost as formidable as the castle itself, she was a thing both to be admired and to be feared.

The beautiful quarter-deck shone like a well-polished table; the brass mountings of 'long Tom,' a respectable sixty-four pounder, glistened like gold, when contrasted with his black muzzle; and beneath the belaying-pins lay sundry well-tarred ropes, coiled up like snakes preparing for a spring.

A slight breeze rippled the water, gently wafting to leeward the smoke which issued from the segars of a few officers, who, dressed in the gay uniform of our navy, sat discussing the merits of the combatants in a certain cock-fight, which was to take place on the island that day, and to which they were to be conveyed in the captain's gig, which had been ordered to be got ready for that purpose. It was a bright Sunday morning, the day generally chosen by the Creoles for their exhibitions of bull-fights, cock-fights, and similar rational amusements, and great anxiety was manifested on this occasion to witness the sport, in consequence of the enormous bets which had been staked by the Spaniards and Creoles upon their favorites, and because it was so arranged that the field was open to competitors of all classes.

Symptoms of impatience were becoming evident in the countenances of the officers at the non-appearance of the gig, when they observed a knot of sailors congregated around the capstan, and in a few minutes, 'Will Glover,' the boatswain, a fine specimen of an American sailor, approached them, and touching his cap, requested permission to take them ashore in the yawl instead of the gig.

The request occasioned some surprise, as it was rather an unusual one,

and the captain was upon the point of refusing, when the first lieutenant whispered in his ear :

‘There is a lurking devil in Will’s eye, which shows that there is mischief in the wind ; so let’s see what it is about.’

The quick-witted boatswain, however, had seen the impending refusal, and before it had time to leave the captain’s lips, he had told him ‘that the boys had brought out in the vessel a great fighting-bird, which they wanted to match against the best game-cock on the island, being desirous of proving the superiority of the Americans in chickens, as well as in every thing else.’

‘Beside,’ continued he, ‘these yellow devils win our money all the time with their marked cards and loaded dice, and we are burning to have our revenge.’

‘But what kind of a bird have you got there?’ said the captain ; ‘you cannot hope to fight one of the half-bred game-cocks which we have at home against the splendid birds which these Creoles devote their whole time to breeding and training, and which are perhaps unequalled in the world.’

‘Never mind that, captain,’ answered Will ; ‘we have a bird here that is known all over the United States, and which has never been whipped yet, although he has had worse enemies to encounter than these bilious-looking Spaniards.’

‘Well, I do not know what mischief you are after,’ replied the captain, good-naturedly ; ‘but if you will give your word on behalf of these men, that you will behave yourselves properly while on shore, and not taste a drop of liquor, you may go.’

Will touched his cap again, and in a minute disappeared down the hatch, while the officers stood wondering at the implicit reliance which he seemed to have in the powers of his bird, yet at the same time confiding fully in the well-known shrewdness of the fellow, which they had often seen put to the test.

The yawl was soon lowered, a dozen sailors sprang into it, and swinging round to the gangway, sat silently waiting for the officers ; but a knowing smile might have been seen playing about each man’s face, which broke into a cheer, as the sturdy boatswain appeared on the monkey-rail with his precious bird in a sack, and seizing the painter, swung himself lightly into the boat.

By this time the officers had become as much interested in the proceedings as the men, and as soon as they were seated, demanded to see the contents of the bag.

But Will assured them that the bird would fight so much better if kept in the dark until the hour of combat, and pleaded so earnestly against taking him out, that they at last yielded the point, and contented themselves with listening to an interesting but entirely fabulous history of ‘The Unknown,’ which the boatswain related with a seriousness that would have done credit to a funeral sermon.

As they approached the shore, he concluded by saying :

‘I have good reason for wishing to preserve my bird’s secret until the last moment ; and although you will discover it the moment he is pitted, I hope your honors will keep your thoughts to yourselves, and not

betray us. We have raised all the money we could on the ship, and have got a good purse to put against the best cock that ever crowed in the Havana, and if your honors would like to do a little betting, you can do it with perfect safety on this bird, or my name's not Will Glover; for their picayune chickens will stand no more chance with him than one of these fellows themselves would with me, and I never saw any three of them yet that I could n't whip in a free fight.'

Having finished this modest assertion, his eye glanced slightly at his powerful frame, as if to say, 'judge for yourselves;' and indeed it required little judgment to perceive that if the bird resembled his master, he would prove a formidable antagonist; for Will's clear blue eye, broad forehead, and bright, handsome countenance gave promise of more than ordinary intelligence and resolution, while his thick, brawny neck and huge arms looked perfectly capable of performing in a 'free fight,' even more than had just been claimed for them.

In a few minutes, the party had landed and separated, the officers having gone to a livery-stable to procure a conveyance, and the stalwart form of the boatswain could be seen rolling up the street, at the head of a body of men, whose appearance was such as to render them little likely to receive interruption from the majority of peaceably-disposed citizens.

In about half-an-hour, they had reached the inclosure which contained the pit, and they soon found themselves in the midst of a motley assemblage, who were chattering and yelling in a manner worthy of the gallery of a third-rate theatre in the United States.

Women of every shade of color, from ebony to dirty white, were seated around the outer side of the wall, with tables or trays displaying oranges, bananas, sugar-cane, alligator-pears, mangoes, bell-apples, sapa-dilloes, and various other tropical fruits, while men and boys were seen parading about with every variety of that officious bird which always insists upon announcing the break of day, when no body cares about hearing it.

The pit was surrounded by a large amphitheatre, capable of holding an immense number of persons, and there, seated upon benches, raised one above the other, sat the beauty and chivalry of the Havana. There

'Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.'

but nevertheless old and young, rich and poor, seemed bent upon enjoying the sport, and the 'soft eyes' above alluded to seemed quite willing to divide their favors equally between their cavaliers and the chickens.

Whenever a fine bird was exhibited and matched against another, the ladies were seen betting with as much vivacity as the men, although their stakes were more moderate than the immense sums which some of the old Dons displayed upon little tables around the edge of the ring, and which they won and lost with a *nonchalance* worthy of a better cause.

Glover and his companions, on entering the amphitheatre, took their seats near the door, and shortly after the officers of the Ohio arrived, and obtaining places a short distance from the men, were soon engaged

in making trifling bets with those around them, on such birds as happened to excite their admiration.

Gallant birds they certainly were, and worthy of all admiration ; but unless history is to be disbelieved, they were guilty of most extraordinary anachronisms.

Time, place, and facts were utterly disregarded in the scenes there enacted, and the very dead were brought from their graves to fight for the amusement of the inconsiderate spectators.

Julius Cæsar was there, picking a quarrel with the Duke of Wellington ; Plutarch was strutting about with a large red comb in his head ; Lord Byron, with bare legs and steel-spurs, was seen running away from Christopher Columbus ; and Mark Antony was heard pronouncing an extremely tautological oration over the dead body of Don Quixote.

It is true that the eloquence of this Mr. Antony was not quite equal to that of another of the same name, who once began an address by making the unreasonable request that his 'friends,' as well as the 'Romans and countrymen,' would 'lend him their ears ;' but his style was certainly more terse and laconic, for his preface consisted of 'cock-a,' his story of 'doodle,' and the conclusion of 'doo.' Such brevity should certainly have ranked with the 'veni, vidi, vici' of olden times, and the 'Sebastopol est pris' of our day. But to return to our unfortunate bird, who had been covered all this time with sack-cloth, if not with ashes, and who had been kept entirely in the dark with regard to these proceedings. Various contests had taken place, many a gallant bird had fallen a victim to his bravery, and the interest of the audience was beginning to flag, when a Creole stepped into the ring, and offered to match a splendid bird which he held under his arm, against any thing that had wings, on the island.

No one answered, as the bird was the most celebrated one in the Havana, and the owner's efforts to find an antagonist seemed likely to prove futile.

Signor Amigo's black game-cock, 'Satan,' was known to every one in the town as having whipped the best birds the island had produced, and being still in his prime, no one cared about losing a fine bird by matching him against this 'Cœur de Lion' of roosters. Incensed with the idea of winning neither money nor renown with his favorite bird, he at last offered to stake an hundred doubloons against fifty, and no one accepting his challenge, he was preparing to leave the ring, when our boatswain sprang up, and in very bad Spanish, a smattering of which he had acquired in his wanderings, asked him if he was willing to match him against a curious-looking bird which he had with him in a bag.

'Against any thing that has wings is my challenge,' proudly replied Amigo ; 'produce your bird, Sir.'

Without further parley, Will untied the bag, and produced, to the astonishment of the officers and the rest of the assembly, the most curious-looking specimen of the feathered tribe that had ever graced or disgraced a cock-pit.

It was a bird about the size of a large rooster, with no tail, no comb, and no steel gaffles. Comb it seems he never had had, and as for tail,

if he had ever been blessed with such an appendage, the ruthless sailors must have 'clipped it short and driven it in,' for not a vestige of it remained; and to add to the disfigurement, he was smeared with a mixture of grease and blacking, until his original color had been entirely lost. A loud shout of derision arose from the spectators at the impudence of the Yankee, in offering so miserable a creature as the antagonist of 'Satan,' the pride of the Havana, and as they doubtless thought, the hero of an hemisphere.

But to the experienced eyes of the officers of the Ohio, the secret was now revealed, and beneath the grease and soot, in spite of the clipped wings and chipped feathers, they perceived the eye of an old bald eagle, and the terrible beak and claws, which the sailors had almost managed to conceal by covering them with feathers, taken from the chickens of some by-gone dinner.

The officers now regretted that they had permitted the men to come ashore, as they were fearful that the artifice, if discovered, might lead to blows; and the determined character of the men rendered them very dangerous when excited.

Matters, however, had now proceeded too far to be stopped, and they had to content themselves with relying on the prudence of Glover. Although they knew that he was a perfect devil when his blood was up, they still knew him to be a man of his word, and that he would not make a disturbance if he could help it; so hoping that their presence would have its influence with the audience, they drew still nearer to the boatswain, and then quietly awaited the issue. But their fears were unnecessary; the sailors had no intention of getting into a fight, and as their chief object was to make up their losses by winning a pile of gold from the Habaneros, they quietly staked all the money they had among those around them, generally contriving to get heavy odds in their favor. Beside the money which the men had brought with them, Glover had collected on the ship about thirty doubloons, twenty-five of which he had staked against fifty of the Signor's, who had graciously condescended to reduce the amount of the bet one-half, in consideration of the poverty of '*Los Americanos*,' and the other five he had managed to place advantageously, at the rate of about one to three, among the audience, all of whom seemed anxious to have an opportunity of 'turning an honest penny,' by fleecing the ignorant Yankees.

Even the officers themselves at last caught the infection. Unable to resist the pressing offers of those around them, knowing the power of their champion, and feeling a gallant pride in sustaining the character of their national bird, they bet the last dollar they had with them, until the amount staked by officers and men exceeded an hundred doubloons, and the odds given by the Cubans had amounted to nearly three times this sum.

Before proceeding farther, it was arranged that the birds were to be placed in the ring, and then both the Signor and Will were to retire, while the actual death of a bird was alone to decide the victory.

The birds were accordingly set down a few feet from each other, and amid the acclamations of the Habaneros, the instant that 'Satan' touched the ground, he threw himself into an imposing attitude, and

uttered a crow of defiance, which rang through the building, and was immediately answered by a dozen of his neighbors outside the walls. Black as a raven's wing, a more beautiful bird had never delighted the eyes of the Cubans. He wore on his neck a natural ruff, which looked like that once worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, while his blood-red comb looked still redder when contrasted with the jet-black hue of the rest of his body. His tail fell gracefully to the ground, and it was very evident to discriminating spectators that he would never 'show the white feather,' because he did not happen to possess any of that description.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' was all that he said, and then looking round to see who he could pick a fight with, he espied the American bird cuddled up in a heap, as if very much annoyed at the embarrassing position in which he found himself placed.

But if astonishment was ever depicted upon the brow of a chicken, it certainly was depicted upon 'Satan's' at this moment. More than once he extended his long neck, as if to obtain a nearer view, and convince himself that he was not deceived, and then puffed out his breast, as if he considered it morally impossible that he, the descendant perhaps of a race that had crowded over Granada with Alhamar, or who possibly had even displayed their valor before Euric and his Goths, could be pitted against such a dirty specimen of the 'canaille' as now stood before him. Had there been an aperture in the wall of the ring sufficiently large to have enabled him to stalk majestically away, it is probable that this scion of Granada would have declined the contest, in the same manner that we might suppose the 'Chevalier Bayard' would have declined to sully his reputation by an encounter with a common prize-fighter; but there was no chance of escape, and conscious that both the nobility and democracy of Havana were awaiting his movements, he concluded to kill his antagonist at once, and extricate himself from the unpleasant predicament. He could not shout 'a Bayard!' or 'a Satan to the rescue!' for his voice was only adapted to saying that eternal 'cock-a-doodle-doo,' and he had no lance to couch; so instead, he lowered his head and tail to a level, in imitation of one, and then precipitated himself with unerring precision on his adversary, making the feathers fly, as he struck him a savage blow with his sharp steel-gaffs.

Had Mr. Pickwick heard an insinuation against his courage; had a Yankee peddler been discovered in the act of selling honest nutmegs; had Macdonald surrendered at Wagram without a blow; had Napoleon's 'Old Guard' deserted him at Waterloo; or had 'Old Hickory' been seen scampering away at New-Orleans; had any thing in fact utterly impossible happened to any body, any body could not have been more completely thunder-struck than was our dilapidated old eagle at the impudence of this vicious chicken.

The few battles that the eagle had heretofore indulged in had always been conducted on the wing, and consisted merely in his pitching into some body with a kind of flying artillery, so that he was about as much used to this kind of fighting as one of our city-brigade inspectors would be if he found himself dodging Camanche rifle-balls in a Mexican swamp. It would be natural to suppose that 'his eagle eye now lighted

up,' and that the rash chicken would instantly have paid the penalty of his folly, but he did not do any thing of the kind.

As the cock struck him, he slightly elevated his wings, as elderly gentlemen elevate their eye-brows when they hear of the mad freaks of younger members of the family, ducked his head like a goose entering a barn-door, twisted his neck into a most uncomfortable position, to take a bird's-eye view of the matter, and then calmly walking away from the irascible individual who had insulted him, drew himself into as spherical a position as possible, and waited to see what would happen next.

His curiosity upon this point, however, was destined to be very soon gratified, for 'Satan,' having once tasted blood, waived all difference of rank, and flew at him again like a fury.

Three times did the eagle receive these unwarrantable assaults without giving way to his temper, and although his feathers were flying about and the blood trickling down his breast, he still seemed indisposed to fight. Every time that 'Satan' struck him, a yell of delight broke from the Cubans, and to them the fate of the nondescript seemed inevitable; but Glover and his companions maintained an imperturbable silence, their only fear being that an unlucky blow of the spurs might reach a vital part before the eagle had awakened to a sense of his danger.

But the time had now arrived when America was to assert her majesty, and the Habaneros were to learn the danger of trifling with her eagle.

The last blow the gallant cock was ever to strike had been struck, and as the blood spurted from a deep wound made by the gaffs, the eagle, raising himself to his grandest height, extended a claw, and seizing the brave but doomed bird by the back, pinned him to the earth, as if he had been nailed there.

For an instant he gazed upon his fallen enemy

'WITH that stern pride which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,'

and then — I blush to tell it — with his other claw, *deliberately pulled his head off!*

Do not smile, reader; it is a very serious thing to have one's head pulled off, even if one is a chicken; and when we take into consideration what a chivalrous chicken this was, that was so unceremoniously decapitated, and how contrary such a proceeding was to the usual courtesies of the cock-pit, the subject becomes a grave one. Such a foul innovation upon the rules of propriety was heretofore unknown among chickens; and although it is true that 'Satan' had only received what he had so often dealt out to others — death — yet he had always killed his adversaries in a high-bred, chicken-like manner, and had never conceived the horrible idea of pinning his enemy to the ground, and then pulling his head out of its socket, as a dentist would pull a tooth.

O Cruikshank! why were you not in that vicinity then? Why has not that picture been faithfully portrayed by your truthful but sarcastic pencil?

Collins might have written another ode on the passions there dis-

played, or John Bunyan filled another 'Pilgrim's Progress' with personifications from that scene. Death was there in the form of a headless chicken; victory in the shape of a burly boatswain; malice in the sinister looks of the enraged Creoles; while dismay, chagrin, and vexation were faithfully represented by the discomfited Signor, as he stood with the body of the deceased in one hand and the head in the other, looking 'first upon this picture and then upon that.' But beside these beautiful images — to the disgrace of the waggish sailors — there was a sad transposition of an emblem that they were bound by every tie of duty to have preserved intact.

A modern poem, which has been made trite by its beauty, tells us that once upon a time Freedom

'From his mansion in the sun
Had called her eagle-bearer down,
And given to his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.'

and yet, without the slightest regard for all this, the said eagle had been tarred and feathered until 'the majestic monarch of the cloud' had been converted into a creature which, instead of soaring to heaven as the presager of liberty, was running about a cock-pit, looking very much like an old school-girl in pantalettes, with wide ruffles, or even more like one of those strong-minded females who pass their declining years in asserting 'women's rights' and 'higher laws,' and who generally become 'Bloomers' about the time they cease to bloom. Nevertheless the girlish attire and innocent unconsciousness of the old eagle were not sufficient to appease the wrath of the backers of 'Satan;' and if they had been fallen angels themselves, they could not have looked more ready to avenge the death of his Satanic Majesty than they did to avenge the death of his name-sake.

The cry of 'unfair, unfair!' arose from all sides, and symptoms of a row were quite prevalent, when Glover sprang into the ring, and snatching up his bird, roared out with a voice of thunder, 'that his comrades were willing to abide by the decision of the judge, and that they wanted nothing but what was right,' adding, however, parenthetically and '*sotto voce*,' that 'if the judge did not know what right was, he would probably receive some instruction upon the subject before they left.'

Fortunately for the sake of peace, the matter was too plain a one to admit of much dispute. 'Satan' had been fairly pitted against the nondescript, and if the nondescript preferred pulling his head off, to the more laborious method of killing him, by spurring and pecking at him, he had a perfect right to do so.

Whether the judge had overheard the conclusion of Will's remarks; whether he had perceived a curious fat-looking pistol, with six holes in it, which the fellow had contrived to leave sticking out of his pocket; and whether either had any influence in bringing his mind to a just decision, are points which, like many other gentlemen on the bench, he reserved to himself; but his decision was certainly given promptly in favor of the American bird, and both officers and men immediately received from the stake-holders the full amount of the bets. Still, not-

withstanding the favorable decision of the ermine, Cuba had now become to the sailors what England became to the regicides of the seventeenth century — quite a warm place of residence, or to speak more plainly, ‘too hot to hold them.’

The regicides had beheaded a king of England, and they had only beheaded a king of the cock-pit; but the Cubans were as likely to avenge the one as the Stuarts had been to avenge the other, and therefore, like the man who was pitched out of a second-story window, they ‘concluded that it was time to leave.’

Not that the tars were really pitched out, however, for although pitch and tar are almost synonymous terms, yet there is a kind of American tar which does not get often pitched about by any body except old ‘Poseidon,’ the chap that carries a trident — an article, by the way, that reminds us either of a cow-stable or our grandmother’s toasting-fork. And to this class our sailors belonged.

Had a due sense of propriety governed their actions, it is probable that we should have now seen them

‘Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away:’

but they had kept quiet a marvellously long time for sailors; so waving their hats above their heads, they gave three tremendous cheers, which fairly shook the building, and then forming in line, marched out, straight through a crowd of men, who had collected at the door, as if for the purpose of impeding their exit, but who, when they found themselves in actual contact with the sturdy tars, concluded to let them strike a ‘bee line’ in any direction they preferred.

The officers soon followed the men, and in a few minutes the yawl was bounding over the water, flying back to the ship like a gull to its nest.

Many a bottle was cracked to the health of the American bird in the cabin of the Ohio that night, and it is supposed that ‘brandy-smashers,’ to a considerable amount, to say nothing of ‘gin cock-tails,’ were consumed in the forecabin at the same time, for the laudable purpose of assisting the sailors to sing the praises of their champion. History, with culpable negligence, has not transmitted to us the future fate of the bird; but if sailors ever die solvent, which is doubtful, or if they ever make wills, which is more so, depend upon it that as ‘Vogelweide, the Minnesinger,’ once did for the birds of Würzburg’s towers, they will leave a considerable sum to be invested in government securities for the maintenance of that gallant old eagle.

WINTER: AN EXTRACT.

Lo! blighting frost encroaches
On Autumn’s sad domain,
And Winter wild approaches,
To end his feeble reign:
The birds of passage gather
And fly across the wave,
Their guide a Heavenly FATHER,
Omnipotent to save.

But MAN, with reason gifted,
Cannot the hour foreknow
When, Hope’s bright curtain lifted,
Reveals a waste of woe:
When clouds send lightning-flashes
Our idols to consume,
And dreams, resolved to ashes,
Are scattered on his tomb. HOMER.

Lays of Quakerdom.

JAMES PARNELL,

THE QUAKER PROTO-MARTYR.

[JAMES PARNELL was born in Nottingham, England, of humble parents, but he possessed good abilities and a liberal education.

When GEORGE FOX was imprisoned in Carlisle, in 1653,* PARNELL, then in his seventeenth year, was among those who visited the great Quaker in prison, and the result was the conversion of the young visitor to the faith of the Quakers, of which he afterward became an eminent expounder, and for which he was the first martyr.

PARNELL began to preach before he was seventeen years old, and, in pursuance of his mission, went to Cambridge about April, 1655, where he was challenged by the Baptists to public disputation: the fame of his eloquence and power had preceded him.

The meeting was held, but resulted in little discussion and much disturbance, chiefly (according to PARNELL) from 'british scholars who plotted against me, and from Baptists and Independents who, though bitter enemies to each other, were joined friends against me.'

He continued preaching, disputing, and exhorting during fourteen days, when he was committed to jail by WILLIAM PROKERING, Mayor of Cambridge, on a charge 'of issuing two papers, one against the corruptions of the ministry, and one against the corruptions of the magistracy.'

They kept him confined, and 'tossed from prison to dungeon,' during two whole sessions, when, a jury finding nothing against him, he was discharged, with a 'pass' under the title of 'Rogue,' and conducted three miles out of the city. Subsequently he returned to Cambridge, and continued in that vicinity for about six months, preaching to great assemblies of people, and, through opposition and persecution, establishing many in his faith.

From Cambridge he went to Essex, to be present at a 'public meeting and fast held at Great Coggeshall by order of the authorities, to counteract the wicked heresies of the Quakers.' There he preached and exhorted for about a week to many thousands of people who thronged to hear him, until he was arrested by Justice WAKERING, in the name of the Lord Protector, and committed to the common jail as a mover of seditions, and blasphemer, near the middle of July, 1655.

Here he was closely confined for some weeks, and denied all communication with his friends, until the next Chelmsford Assizes, when he was chained beside one suspected of murder, on a chain with five others, where he remained night and day, as they marched through the country to the court, about twenty miles distant.

The people were surprised at his treatment, and the Court, to prevent the expression of any sympathy for him, ordered the irons removed from his hands when he was brought to trial.

He was then arraigned, charged with blasphemy and sedition; and at the trial his old persecutors influenced the judge and jury by malicious statements, to which he was not allowed to reply, and upon his acquittal by the jury, Judge HILLS committed him for contempt of magistracy and priesthood, and fined him heavily.

He was then removed to Colchester Castle,† and subjected to systematic cruelty and outrage inconceivable to us at this day. Denied a bed, he was obliged to lie on the bare stones of the prison, where, in wet weather, the walls were dripping with water, and during the cold of winter he was almost deprived of clothing; frequently of food, beaten until he was nearly insensible by the jailor and keeper, all his friends denied access to him, and not permitted to relieve his sufferings. He was placed in a 'hole in the wall,' which was probably the recess of the window, quite deep, as the walls are nine feet thick. This 'recess' was so high from the stone floor, that he was obliged

* SEE pages 126 and 141 of an excellent life of FOX, by SAMUEL M. JANNEY, of Virginia, published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, Philadelphia.

† COLCHESTER CASTLE is a building of considerable antiquity and much historic interest. It is supposed to be of Roman origin, and it has been several times besieged. It was taken by FAIRFAX during the Commonwealth, although bravely defended by Lord LUCAS and Sir WILLIAM LLISLE, who were subsequently imprisoned and executed, by FAIRFAX's order, within the walls. It has occasionally been used as a prison, and was so appropriated in the time of PARNELL, in 1655. Its extensive rampart and moat have been converted into a most fertile garden, where, literally, 'children hide in flowers,' while its large demesne was directed to be 'ploughed and sowed down with grain for the king's use,' three centuries ago.

to reach it part way by a ladder, which, being six feet too short, a rope at the upper end aided him to his wretched abode. The keeper would not allow him a basket and string, which his friends desired to furnish, to draw his food up to him, and he was therefore compelled to ascend the rope with one hand and carry his provisions in the other, which he did with great difficulty, being a person of small stature and feeble frame, much weakened by long exposure and privation.

On one occasion, when attempting to grasp the rope, it eluded his hand, and he fell with great force upon the pavement below, by which he was seriously injured. He was then placed in a recess nearer the ground, and left to die.

His case was powerfully represented to Cromwell's government, and several Quakers offered to lie in his place, but no mitigation of his punishment could be obtained, nor any concession but the admission of two Friends to see him die, but who were refused permission to remove his body, which was buried in the castle-yard by the jailor's assistants.

He died in the spring of 1656, after incredible suffering, when only *nineteen years old*, exhorting his friends to 'keep the faith,' saying he had 'seen great things,' and beseeching them in his last moments, '*not to hold him: to let him go!*'

So he departed, leaving his name to be numbered with those who in all ages have lived, and labored, and suffered for the *spiritual emancipation of man.*]

It was June; her bloom and beauty
Then the queenly month displayed,
And in her rich robes of summer
All the joyous earth arrayed.

Now the Quaker, near his homestead,
In the woodland, on the hill,
Stood beside the stream proclaiming
All its mission to the mill.
Busy, down beneath the chestnuts,
By the meadows green and still,
There, the willows, o'er the water —
Loving patrons of the stream —
Bend to see it run and ramble,
Or to watch it sleep and dream;
Never weary of its music,
Glad to hear it sing along;
All their lines of grace and beauty
Waving plaudits of the song.
But the statelier beech and maple
To the hill-side group withdrew,
Where the old oak, vast and rugged,
In his simple grandeur grew.
There the pines, with solemn voices,
Speak the oracles of Fate,
And the walnuts, like old warders,
Guard the arch-way of the gate;
And the spectral Lombard poplars,
Stately as old giants stand,
Wasting, with the woes of exile,
Slowly, in a foreign land:
While the aspen, all a-tremble
With a trouble never told,
Seeks the sweet acacia, swaying
With its fringing bloom of gold:
And the elms above the threshold
Drape the old and mossy eaves;
And the maples feel the sun-light
Streaming on their silver leaves.

Now, beneath the stately arches
Of the old boughs, high and wide,

Southward, as the morning marches,
Shifting to the shaded side,
Calm and happy sat the Quaker,
With his ample forehead bare,
Silent, in the softened sun-light,
And the balmy summer air;
Listening to the ringing laughter
Of his daughter, young and fair:
While the mother sat, serenely
Smiling in maternal pride
At the elder brother, kneeling
On the green grass by her side.
With a tender, reverent feeling
Gazed he on her placid face,
Where the spirits, outward looking,
Had the sweet and quiet grace
Of a strong soul, gathered inward
From the storm of worldly strife,
Never shaken, never drifting
From the centre of its life.
At her feet the mastiff lying,
Stretched upon his grassy bed,
Held the younger brother,
Resting pillowed on his stately head.

Now the children, grouped in stillness
Round their father's ample chair,
Waited for another story,
Promised when they gathered there;
How young PARNELL preached and suffered
For the holy cause of Truth;
And, a captive, poor and lonely,
Perished in his early youth.
How, within his narrow prison,
In Colchester's castle-wall,
Died the *first of Quaker martyrs*,
And the youngest of them all.

'Autumn, o'er the land of England,
Saw the fields of ripening corn,
Waiting for the reaper's sickle,
Waving in the breath of morn.
And it saw a holier harvest;
For the mighty MASTER then
Bade His own anointed reapers
Gather in the souls of men.
Lo! the fields were white already,
But the laborers were few;
And some trembled as they entered
On that service, high and new.
Some there were who, strong and steady,
Trod the narrow line of right;
Shining, in an age of darkness,
Sons and daughters of the light.
One there was, a youth, and noble,
Though he came of humble blood,
Who, with manhood's high endurance,
At his post of duty stood.
Frail of form, and fair in feature,
On his face the bloom of youth
Blended with the beauty breaking
Outward from a soul of truth.

Learned he was, and filled with wisdom,
 Sweet and eloquent of tongue;
 And the thronging people marvelled
 At the power of one so young.

To them, all around him swaying
 On the still mid-summer morn,
 Much he spake of that old Gospel
 To these latter ages borne.
 Much he reasoned, much disputed
 With the vast and heaving crowd,
 Which a furious priesthood troubled
 By its scorning fierce and loud:
 'Hear ye how this fellow railleth
 In the very house of prayer?
 Shall the Church of GOD be sacred?
 Are not *we* his servants there?
 See! this man defiles the altar:
 At your peril hear ye him!'

Then the people, drunk with passion,
 Surged upon him, fierce and grim;
 But he held their rage suspended
 By the simple power of truth;
 Till, from awe, were some who listened,
 Some, from pity of his youth.

Then his manly voice ascended
 O'er the slow-subsiding din;
 And he spake with power and freedom
 Of the 'GLORIOUS LIGHT WITHIN.'
 Lo! this is the CHRIST, the TEACHER!
 He will teach you of HIS ways:
 This is that out-pouring SPIRIT
 Promised in these latter days.
 Now the old shall dwell in visions,
 And the young shall prophesy;
 And ye all may feel, ye people,
 That the power of GOD is nigh;
 Nigh, within your hearts and spirits,
 As the great Apostle said;
 Save in fearful sin and trespass
 Ye be reprobate and dead.
 Think you, in your steeple houses
 God's eternal presence stands?
 Nay! HE dwelleth not in temples
 Made by any human hands.
 But your bodies are His temples,
 And His holy Church is one:
 Every soul redeemed becometh
 In its walls a living stone;
 And HIS SPIRIT now ordaineth
 Preachers of His word again
 Not your priesthood, formed and fashioned
 By the carnal wills of men;
 Prophets who divine for money,
 Preachers who do preach for hire;
 And God's judgments shall consume them,
 Like the chaff before the fire.'

Then the angry priests and rulers
 Cried again, in greater wrath:
 'Shall this babbler and blasphemer
 Linger longer in your path?'

But the people were divided,
 Tossed and heaving to-and-fro;
 Some believed an evil spirit
 Sought them, from the realms below.
 Some believed a prophet risen,
 With the power of ancient days;
 These, amid the wild commotion,
 Stood in silent awe and praise.

One, a maiden, with her tresses
 From her fair face backward flung;
 With clasped hands, and pale lips parted,
 Ever on his accents hung;
 And a matron, on whom rested
 Some great sorrow's sombre hue,
 Stood in light, as one illumined
 By a glorious hope, and new;
 And a white-haired peasant murmured,
 Bowed by labor and by years,
 As his hard hand from the furrows
 Of his rough face brushed the tears,
 'Lo! mine eyes have seen THY glory;
 Now I wait for my release;
 In *my* day THY Gospel liveth;
 Let THY servant rest in peace.'
 Thoughtful, with his bare arms folded
 On his broad and brawny breast,
 Stood a stalwart yeoman, kindling
 With a dawning hope of rest.
 'Can this be the day of promise?
 Will the Thousand Years begin?
 Shall this prophet, born among us,
 Bring that glorious promise in?'

'Tut! man! but he has a devil,'
 Growled an old and surly boor.
 'Devils do not,' said another,
 'Preach the Gospel to the poor.'
 'Have our herdsmen grown to prophets?'
 Asked a proud and haughty dame.
 'Few of old,' the matron answered,
 'Of the great and noble came.'
 'When ye follow this man's teaching,'
 Said a townsman, worldly-wise,
 'Ye shall see our nation's greatness
 Sinking never more to rise.'

While among themselves disputing,
 Some in anger, rude and loud;
 As, his present mission ended,
 Slowly PARNELL left the crowd,
 Then one Justice WAKERING to him
 In hot haste and passion came,
 Saying roughly, 'I arrest you
 In the Lord Protector's name;

For you do but sow seditions
 Where your wicked railings fall,
 Nothing moved, he only answered,
 'So TERTULLUS said of PAUL.'

Then they led him to their prison —
 To that dismal den of sin;
 He, so pure and young and simple,
 Thrust with thieves and felons in.
 Where a brutal herd around him
 With low scoff and cursing came,
 Jest obscene and ribald laughter,
 Seeming lost to fear or shame.
 'Heigh oh! who is this new-comer?'
 Said one, ruder than the rest.
 'Room, ye gentles! room and welcome
 For a new and stately guest.
 Ha! what have we here? a Quaker!
 Quake, ye culprits! quake for fear.
 Come, Sir Preacher, give 's a sermon;
 Marry! much we need it here.'
 'Silence!' growled a burly felon;
 'Let that puny boy alone.
 Can your coward hearts discover
 No arms equal to your own?'
 Then the Quaker saw the tumult
 Into savage brawling break;
 But, intrepid, sweet, and earnest,
 In their very midst he spake:

'Men and brethren, poor and sinful,
 Wanderers from the way of right,
 Have ye nothing left to live for,
 But to swear, and brawl, and fight?
 Though ye seem of *men* forsaken,
 God is dwelling near to you,
 And *He* seeth, with your evil,
 All the little good ye do.
 Ever in your souls *HIS SPIRIT*
 With your sinful purpose strives;
 And *He* seeketh thus to win you
 Back to better, happier lives.
 Listen to *HIS* holy teaching,
 Ere your cups of woe be full:
 Though your sins are as the scarlet,
HE will make them white as wool.'
 To your low estates *HE* bringeth
 Power and pity from above,
 Greater than all human mercy,
 Stronger than all human love.
 Some among ye may remember
 When ye walked in purer ways;
 Or beside your mothers prattled,
 In your childhood's happy days.
 Ye must now become as children,
 And your better lives begin;
 Then these outward bonds shall vanish,
 And your stronger bonds within.'

Low and clear through all the prison
 Fell his sweet and simple word,

And the astonished felons round him
Ceased their brawling as they heard.
Some with half-clenched hands suspended
Held them from the brutal blow;
Some, by gentle accents melted,
Bowed in silent sorrow low.
Some did weep to feel upon them
Swift and crowding memories come;
Life mis-spent, its treasures wasted;
Love and peace, and hope and home.
'Is it?' said that burly felon,
With his tears upon his cheeks,
Quivering lip and utterance broken,
'Is it man or angel speaks?'
Some unmoved and stony-hearted
Shrunk to angles of the room;
Still, but sullen and defiant,
Crouching in their native gloom.
While the Quaker, calm and peaceful,
By the heavenly presence blest,
Stretched him on his prison-pallet,
To a sweet, unbroken rest.

In that gloomy jail, and loathsome,
Many a weary week he lay;
Then they led him to his trial,
Led him with their thieves away.
In the felons' gang they chained him,
With the vilest of the vile:
Side by side along the highway
Thus they travelled many a mile.
From the base and cruel thraldom,
Unreleased by day or night,
Worn and weary in the body,
But in spirit strong and bright.
So they came to ancient Chelmsford,
Where in irons, day by day,
Waiting for the near assizes,
In the common jail he lay.

Now with deepening tints the autumn
Touched the old majestic wood,
And the sylvan kings enfolded
In their dying drapery stood,
Impotent as some old giant,
Shorn of all his fiery hair.
Bald and round the sun ascended
Through the still and misty air,
With his bonds of wreathing vapor
Struggling for his summer sway;
But pale flower and leaf enfeebled
Felt his power had passed away.

Sadder than the waning season
Grew each manly spirit then;
Colder, darker than the vapors
Bigotries enshrouded men.

To their court they led the Quaker,
In his iron fetters bound;

As he passed the people wondered
 At the clanking shackles' sound.
 'Is this man among the felons?
 He so simple and so good;
 Though he be a canting Quaker,
 Are his hands imbrued in blood?'
 Thus the pitying people murmured
 At such outrage in their land,
 Till the judges bade the jailer
 Strike the shackles from his hand.

Then his cruel foes arraigned him,
 Charged with great and grievous crimes;
 Heresies and dread seditions,
 Fearful in their turbid times.
 'Much,' they said, 'he taught the people,
 From the Church to set them free;
 And with deep and fierce invective
 Spake against the powers that be.'
 Round the judge each persecutor
 Whispered his malicious word,
 And against him court and jury
 With their savage hatred stirred.
 Friend or counsel they denied him,
 And his simple right to speak;
 Lone he stood, and undefended,
 Like his MASTER, still and meek.

Then the jury found him guiltless;
 But the judge in anger spake,
 Saying, 'This man and his people
 Every law and ritual break.
 For his bold contempt of rulers,
 And his scoff at things divine,
 We commit him at discretion
 To imprisonment and fine!'
 Silent PARNELL heard the sentence,
 But he looked so calm and high,
 As they led him back to prison,
 There to linger and to die!
 O'er Colchester Castle's threshold
 Then he entered to his doom;
 When again he passed the portal,
 Passed he to his nameless tomb.

Oh! it was a shame and sorrow,
 When in *England* people saw
 Men for conscience' sake imprisoned,
 In the name of God and law.
 They have learned a better lesson
 In these latter days of light,
 When the noble English *people*
 Champion Europe for the right.

Still Colchester's Castle turrets
 Old and gray in Essex stand;
 Still in feudal isolation,
 Frowning o'er the cultured land,
 'Leagured by those old besiegers,
 Winter's wind and summer's rain;

While around, the peaceful reapers
Sing upon the wide domain ;
Undisturbed the ivy clammers
Over all the massive towers,
And along the moat and rampart
Sporting children hide in flowers.

But within, the same old prison
Yawns amid perpetual gloom,
With insatiate jaws of granite,
Dismal as a living tomb.
Since the old days when the Romans
Held them with imperial sway,
In these walls had many a captive
Breathed his wretched life away.
Here the loyal LUCAS perished,
And the brave and noble LLSLE ;
What time FAIRFAX with his Round-heads
Tramped along the castle-aisle.
But of all the noble number,
Who the coming death defied,
Never one like PARNELL suffered,
Never one like PARNELL died.

When the winter winds were sweeping
Round the castle's massive walls,
Shrieking in at grated casements,
Howling through the antique halls ;
In the vast and vaulted chambers,
Ever sighing, faint and low :
Through the close and dismal dungeons,
Wailing dirge-like, sad and slow ;
Still in mournful cadence blending,
Like a mighty human moan,
As of spirits, yet imprisoned
In the huge and solid stone ;
With the woes of all its victims
So the castle seemed to groan.

Sick and sleepless PARNELL lying
Through the mid-night's chill and gloom,
In the winter's sullen summons,
Heard his own approaching doom.
Months had passed : no hope of pardon
To the patient prisoner came,
Though to rulers many a pleader
Spake his sufferings and his name.
Never was such intercession
Made for any in that day ;
Of his people some did proffer
In his very stead to stay.
But the rulers' hearts were hardened,
For the land was filled with strife,
And the dread of civil warfare
Cheapened every human life.

So they heeded not the Quaker,
Who with steadfast faith and love
Bade his suffering people gather
Strength and counsel from above.

All the while his persecutors
 Seemed in every torment skilled,
 And the jailer and the keeper
 With a fiendish fury filled.
 Now with brutal stripes they beat him;
 Now his food they bore away,
 Till in sickness, starved and bleeding,
 On the stony floor he lay.
 Couch and raiment then denied him,
 Though his parting hour seemed nigh;
 Friends and kindred all excluded,
 Thus they left him there to die.

But yet unsubdued, his spirit,
 With a calm and mighty will,
 Held the body's failing pulses,
 Beating in their channels still:
 Beating weaker, beating slower,
 As the great soul, day by day,
 With a sense of power and triumph,
 Kept the gloomy king at bay.
 Thus in that tremendous conflict
 Wore his last long night away.

Morning came: it cometh slowly
 Through the gloom of prison-bars,
 When all night the captive keepeth
 His lone vigil of the stars.
 Morning came, and over England
 Brought the vapors on the breeze,
 With a lazy motion rolling
 Inward from the circling seas;
 Onward, upward slowly drifting,
 Folding round the castle wall;
 Swathing massive tower and turret,
 Dense and heavy, like a pall;
 Driving through the prison-grating,
 With a keen and cutting chill,
 Where, amid the shivering dampness
 PARNELL lay, so weak and still;
 While around the heavy vapor,
 (Piercing feeble nerve and bone,)
 Drop by drop, condensed and trickled
 Down the cold and flinty stone.
 In the stifling air the martyr
 Slower drew his laboring breath,
 And upon his pallid forehead
 Lay the heavy dews of death.

Then to soothe his parting moments
 Loving friends in stillness came,
 Whom his cruel foes admitted
 To his cell, for very shame.
 On the old familiar faces
 Sweetly fell his dying smile,
 As he said, 'I linger with you
 But a very little while;
*Keep the faith and fight the battle,
 For the crown awaits you: lo!*

I behold the glory breaking!

DO NOT HOLD ME! — LET ME GO!’

Then they seemed to see the prison
 With a sudden radiance bright,
 As from some transcendent presence,
 Passing in a flood of light;
 And amid the awful splendor,
 Each pale watcher held his breath;
 But within the gloom returning
 Stood that mighty victor — DEATH!

So he perished — that young martyr:
 Save his people, few beside
 Of the busy world remember
 That he ever lived or died.
But a true man lives for ever
 In the great heart of the race,
 With a slow but certain justice,
 Finding his appointed place.
 And in that time when the peoples
 Shall recall their great and true,
 And the dead of all the ages
 Summon to that high review;
 When the world shall seek its jewels,
 For the Future's glorious crown,
 And the hand of higher manhood
 Write each noble story down;
 In that swiftly-coming era,
 When it calls the splendid roll
 Of all those who lived and suffered
For the freedom of the soul;
 Then in that time with the jewels,
 And in answer to the call,
 Shall appear the youthful martyr
Of Colchester's Castle-wall.

W I N T E R .

I.

SOFTLY and dreamily falleth the snow
 Over the frozen earth,
 Folding the wrecks of the year that is gone
 In the robe that encircled its birth.

II.

So softly and dreamily falleth Love
 Over my wayward breast;
 Hiding each trace of its erring ways,
 Folding it ever to rest.

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE POCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTÉ.

A WHISKEY INSURRECTION.

THE most difficult thing to be comprehended by a defendant in an execution against property, is the right of the sheriff, under an execution against an individual, to levy upon the right, title, and interest of the said individual defendant, of, in, and to the co-partnership property and effects of the firm of which he is a member. Indeed, I might say that the most unsatisfactory and equivocal position an officer of the law can be placed in is the having an execution against one member of a co-partnership firm.

It is now a well-settled point in law, in the State of New-York, (see *Walsh vs. Adams*, 3 Denio, R. 125,) that the partner's interest is leviable for a private debt owing by said partner, and the sheriff can levy upon his interest in the stock in trade, and seize the corpus, and maintain joint possession thereof with the other co-partner, and remove and sell and dispose of the co-partner's interest in the property, and deliver entire possession to the purchaser against the forbidding of the other co-partner. The purchaser indeed, at the sale by the sheriff, under these circumstances, occupies the ground of the partner whose interest has been sold (probably the co-partnership being dissolved, and the parties becoming tenants in common of the property by the sheriff's levy,) and to all intents and purposes he can exercise as much control in his new position over the property sold, as the partner did, whose rights have been divested by the sale. It is probably also true that the new co-partner, so to designate him, coming in under these circumstances, if the business be continued, is equally liable personally for the new debts of the concern with his partner; and it is furthermore true that the co-partnership property is still a trust-fund for the payment of all the co-partnership debts in the first instance, and that the co-partnership debts are a prior lien upon the co-partnership assets in law and equity, to a private debt of one of the co-partners. Thus a purchaser under the circumstances I have detailed, actually purchases the position of the defendant in the co-partnership, subject to all the debts of the firm, and those debts occupy a prior ground to a personal debt of one of the co-partners, and must first be satisfied out of the effects — leaving, as it does, in a good many instances, to the purchaser, a waste of money and a barren title, and nothing to show for his expenditure.

Sometimes it is a profitable speculation for a party to purchase under these circumstances; but rarely does a stranger, or one who is not familiar with the business in question, or matters in controversy, become the daring adventurer to navigate in such doubtful waters without a compass, by being the highest bidder at a sheriff's sale of such 'fancy stock.' But the purchaser is generally 'one who knows,' and most fre-

quently it is the plaintiff, whose object in bidding is for the purpose of securing the debt due him, by obtaining control of the defunct partner's interest, and afterward, by a series of annoyances to the unfortunate defendant, worry him into some sort of a settlement beneficial to himself. Starting, then, from this ground with the subject which it is intended to illustrate in this part of my experience, I have endeavored to make it clearly intelligible to all my lay readers; and while I am free to say that the adjustment of these conflicting rights is a very grave subject of controversy with the most learned and experienced lawyers, I merely give a general and accepted understanding of the point in issue, leaving those parts of the question which are not important to speak of here, in so far as they do not concern me at this time, to the bar and the bench, and to the quips, quirks, and sinuosities of the law.

Andrew Smithers had been a clerk in a Wall-street bank, and doubtless feeling that in his situation — a fast young man, with but few years on his head — money was not made *fast* enough for him, he retired from the concern, and entered into the stock business of Wall-street, where, by being baited by bulls and hugged by bears, what little money he was possessed of was soon lost, beside encumbering himself with a load of debts, some in suit, and others in judgment and execution.

Now, Smithers had yet a field of operation on which to work, to wit, brassy impudence — having doubtless acquired that valuable commodity by being formerly associated with the numerous counterfeit men of wealth who infest the neighborhood of the Exchange and Hanover-street, as men of 'metal,' but who, on being sounded, the ring of base coin and 'sounding brass' is at once perceptible. He for a little while afterward acted as stock-broker, purchasing for his friends or acquaintances, stocks which he induced them to buy upon his recommendation, and which, as he declared, must surely turn up trumps; and in this way he eked out several hundred dollars to himself, as profits by his commissions for purchase. He had experience in himself in the severe chances of loss, and he was therefore unwilling to trust his own — the only remaining funds he had left — to the hazard of another trial on his own account.

Having now had ample experience in the outside stock-trade, (and his customers all having left him, failing to appreciate his sound judgment in their behalf,) Smithers turned his attention to inquiries as to what sort of business he should invest his 'loose change' in, as he termed his latest profits, although he held on it very tightly; or what engagements he could make with any partner in business, so that his dollars might count upon dollar for dollar profit in return.

His inquiries were satisfied at last. He found a man and a business for his money, (without advertising for it in the newspapers, a remarkable circumstance in the present time.) Nathaniel Dooly, a notable financier and banker — a man who has figured somewhat extensively in the law of late — a friend of his, introduced him to Phelim Jackson as the man, and the whiskey distilling as the business. The introduction over, permit me to allow Mr. Phelim Jackson to speak for himself,

as all Irishmen can, when whiskey — the ‘rale podheen’ — is the subject and the incentive.

‘Sure, Mr. Smithers, our friend, Mr. Dooly, tells me you’re afther goin’ in business. Is it so; and am I the lucky man your goin’ wid; and are you the happy man that’s to be my partner? — for if it’s to be so, may-be we won’t be as rich as any two gentlemen in the country. I could talk all the time about the invaluable discovery I’ve made. The whiskey, Sir — d’ye mind the whiskey? — as good as any manufactured in Ireland, Sir; a discovery of me own, Sir; no one, Sir, can tell the whiskey, Sir, that I distill, Sir, in the Seventh Avenye, Sir, from any that comes over the say, Sir — from ould Ireland itself, Sir. I only want the money, Sir; an’ Mr. Dooly, my friend — our friend — tells me you have the needful, Sir; six or eight hundred dollars, or so. It’s good, Sir: it’s illegant; the whiskey I mane. Oh! it’s beautiful! the smoky taste; the smell; it does n’t differ a hair from the mountain-dew, the celebrated whiskey of ould Ireland; an’ it’s a fortune for myself; only, Sir, I have n’t the *manes*, Sir, nor the *ramains* of a quarter dollar to go in business with; only the knowledge of the business to back me; an’ that’s a fortune, I know for me, any day or any saison.’

Smithers was not at all surprised at the extravagant encomiums he had just heard from Mr. Phelim Jackson, relative to the whiskey distilled in the ‘Seventh Avenye,’ nor as to the future fortune in reserve for him, because he had been prepared for all this by his friend Dooly, who had given him the assurances that it was an excellent opportunity for him, and that he must make the connection with Jackson at once.

The matter thereupon was concluded between them, the co-partnership entered into, but with the particular details of which I was not informed, except; that I heard Smithers furnished the gold, and Mister Phelim Jackson the brass — that is, the game of brag — on which he assumed that the Irish whiskey distilled in the Seventh Avenye, under the name of ‘Andrew Smithers and Company,’ ‘was aquil to any whiskey made in ould Ireland,’ and this he persisted in at all times, and on all occasions.

The business went on surpassingly well; that is, the manufacture of the article; but that did n’t go off quite as well. A large quantity was on hand, and sales were slow.

It was at this period of their connection in business that I became acquainted with Smithers in a professional way. An old creditor of Smithers, in his stock operations, obtained judgment against him for a considerable sum, and issued execution thereon against him; and with this *petite billet* I paid a visit to the store or depot of the defendant, in the cellars of which were stored some twenty-five or thirty puncheons of the whiskey distilled in the Seventh Avenue, under the care of Mister Phelim Jackson.

I communicated to Smithers my business, and with a coolness peculiar to old stagers, who were familiar with such matters, and who did not fear the visits of such as me, he observed, ‘that he could not pay the execution, and he would not, if he could; that I could n’t do any thing with the property in the building, as it was partnership pro-

perty ; and he guessed that I might as well move on, and seek some other customer, where a levy would stick and hang.'

Now, I cannot say whether the man was disposed to 'bluff' me, or whether it was fear that actuated him in desiring to get rid of me so unceremoniously ; for I was accompanied by an occasional assistant of mine, whose countenance and demeanor and general appearance was, to say the least, very like a pirate — a dark, swarthy complexion, thick, shaggy black whiskers ; black, stubby, scrubby hair ; and a stout, thick-set body, with legs and arms like a giant, and hands that would seem able to grind or crush into powder every thing that impeded the closing of his terrible fists.

I thereupon gently intimated to Smithers that it was my duty to levy upon and seize his 'right, title, and interest of, in, and to the co-partnership property,' and also that it was my intention to place a keeper in charge of the same ; and further, that none of the property would be permitted to be taken away, or sold, or delivered ; and that with this knowledge of my duties in this matter, I respectfully declined his invitation to 'move on,' as I then had a levy which he would find, to his mortification, would 'stick and hang.'

My assistant upon this announcement grinned with pleasure, that is, if a curling of the mouth, imbedded in such a growth of hair, and the eyes distended to their utmost, can be called evidence of a pleasant emotion. To me it was apparent that it was a pleasurable duty in him, and such it proved to be.

My assistant was hereupon constituted by me as the 'man in possession,' and I gave him special injunctions not to leave the place for a moment, as I feared that an attempt would be made to run the whiskey off should there be no one there to keep a *still* and sure watch all the time ; but I must confess that I had a slight misgiving that my Dick, as he was called, although able to stand up against a regiment of men, would surely fall down in looking at the great enemy of the strong man, Whiskey ; and I then determined (fearful issue, as some would say) to place another keeper beside Dick, that he might counsel, aid, and watch the other ; and *he*, kind reader, was an Irishman !

Start not, nor deem me unwise in this latter appointment, to place an Irishman in charge of whiskey under these circumstances. It was an excellent arrangement. I knew my man, and I knew with whom he was to deal. He was sober, steady, active, devoted, and honest ; he was just the man for the emergency. None knew better than he of the frailties of his countrymen, and none knew better how to smooth down the rough edges of Mr. Phelim Jackson, who, after all, was the most to be feared by me in the encounter which must inevitably take place when, for the first time, we should meet.

It was but a little while after, when I was called upon by Mr. Jackson, who demanded to know, 'in the Ercles vein,' 'by what right I presumed to *level* upon his goods ?' 'By right of my office,' I replied, 'and by virtue of an execution against Mr. Smithers, I have levied upon *his* goods, not yours, Mr. Jackson.'

'An' are ye goin' to stay my property under an execution against him ?' queried Mr. Jackson, swaggeringly.

'Aye, am I; because your interest in the property is indivisible, and hence I am obliged to keep the whole, in order to insure his interest. I am sorry, but I can't help it.'

'What are ye goin' to do with it?' asked he, savagely.

'Sell it at public auction, in six days, to the highest bidder,' I replied.

'Well,' continued he, in a somewhat softened manner, 'may-be ye'll have luck, good luck, d'ye mind that? an' perhaps ye'll have rale bidders, jolly fellows, wid the cash. It'll take a mighty deal of that to buy Smithers' interest;' and then, resuming his high tone, he bade me 'beware of trespassing on his rights; for, as there was law to be got for the paying for it,' (a particularly bright thought that,) 'he would give me the devil's dance, and that I should caper an Irish jig to an Irish air, as nimbly as a rat-tat-too on a dhrum.'

'Well, well, Mr. Jackson,' I observed, 'we will see to that when the time arrives; it is certainly of no consideration at this time for me to anticipate your music; it is time enough for me to dance when your music commences; and, by the bye, if I must dance, I would be well contented to dance to such lively music as an Irish jig calls for.'

'Oh! barrin yer jests, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, evidently softened down by my coolness of demeanor, 'it's not yer sweet self I'm opposing, but the act yer doing. Oh! by the holy Moses! wish-a-loo! Smithers' interest, may-be ye'll be afther delivering it;' and then, dropping his voice, which had been considerably elevated, he looked at me, and giving to his mouth a peculiarly arch expression, he said: 'I'd like to spake with ye in a whisper, only one word, Sir, upon the honor of an Irishman, Sir;' and, inclining his mouth to my ear, he whispered his question: 'How are ye going to deliver an indivisible interest where two parties have an aquil right to the thing itself, and one opposing the transfer?'

'You shall see, Mr. Jackson, how it is done when the time comes round.'

'Or, as the good book says,' interrupted he 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and I think there's avil enough in the attempt any way, Mr. Sheriff. But there's no use in my spakin' any more about it; for a jabbering tongue can do no good against the law, if that is the law. Ye'll excuse me, Mr. Sheriff; may-be I've been over-warm, and I'll wait till the day; and so, taking my lave of you, Sir, I bid ye good-day, Sir.'

And thus he left me. Meanwhile, till the day of sale arrived, nothing of importance occurred. My keepers remained in constant charge, and I suppose, because it was but reasonable in me to expect during the time between the levy and sale, as my notices were posted, that there were numerous tasters of the whiskey, expectant buyers, gentlemen of leisure, scrubs, and such like, and last, not least, that my men in possession did the same. And, sure enough, my swarthy, dark-complexioned keeper 'went in' considerably, and with Dooly, the friend of Smithers, and Jackson and Smithers, had, as I afterward learned, a jolly buff of it every night together, in draughts of the whiskey made into a pleasant compound, (though I wot not in that behalf,) with the

addition of sugar and a slice of lemon, called hot whiskey-punch, with which they got through the long cold hours of the winter nights, snugly enough, I fancy, and considerably *tight*, and flexible too. But my Irish keeper — did any one ever hear of a cat refuse to lap milk, or eat nepeta? Socrates drank the hemlock poison with a stoical philosophy, well knowing that it was his death-draught; and as natural as the cat-nip is to the feline species, so is the draught of a drop of the mountain-dew to the Milesian; and, with the Grecian philosopher, my Irish custodian would have deemed a drink of the 'craythur' as so much rank poison; yet, unlike him, he would have refused to drink it, and through my modern Greek philosopher I must confess that the success of my final disposition of Smithers' interest was mainly dependent. Blessings on your head, honest, faithful Pat Murphy! The day of sale came on, and all was ready; the plaintiff in the execution being present to buy, with the advice of his attorney; but, with all the extra advertising, the same being published in the newspapers, there were but a few persons present; but among that few was Mr. Phelim Jackson, Smithers' co-partner, prepared, as I supposed he was, for the evil day, to give me the merry music promised by him in the Irish jig that I was to dance so nimbly to as 'a rat-tat-too on a dhrum.' I announced the sale, the terms, and under what process the sale was to be made, 'all the right, title, and interest of Andrew Smithers, of, in, and to the co-partnership property of Andrew Smithers and Company,' and, mounting a bench I proceeded to sell. 'What will you bid? give me a bid if you please, gentlemen,' cried I, appealingly, finding that it dragged. 'Give me a bid. How much will you bid? Give me a bid; any thing you please, gentlemen,' and my eye caught a nod from Phelim Jackson. 'What's your bid, Jackson? How much?'

'Not a haporth,' answered he, sullenly.

'Give me a bid,' I cried again. 'Who bids? Any thing you please.' Has any one ever noticed at Sheriff's sales that where there is doubt with one it becomes general in the company? So it was here: no one would bid; no one would open his mouth, notwithstanding my appeals. I looked around me for an encouraging nod, and, unlike Cain, I found it not; what was a land of refuge to him would have been, in the abstract, a *bow* of promise to me. 'Give me a bid, gentlemen, do give me a bid; any thing.' All was blank; not a sound, not a murmur in response. 'Ah!' thought I, as I saw a man come in at that moment, with both hands in his pockets, seemingly exceeding careful of the money they contained, 'here is a man who will heed my appeals. Give me a bid, Sir,' addressing him, and to his inquiry what I was selling, I answered him: 'All the right, title, and interest of Andrew Smithers, of, in, and to the co-partnership property and effects of Andrew Smithers and Company.'

'Give me a bid; any thing you please.'

'Well, I'll give six-and-a-quarter cents,' cried he.

'Six-and-a-quarter cents,' echoed I, sententiously, an echo scarcely audible, and, gaining courage by the bid of the new-comer, I lustily cried out, 'Six-and-a-quarter cents, six-and-a-quarter cents; going at six —'

'Twelve-and-a-half,' cried another. Now this was promising: doubling the bid so soon was not so bad. 'Twelve-and-a-half cents,' I repeated. 'Will any one give me an advance? Going! going!'

'Eighteen-and-three-quarter cents,' cried out my first bidder; 'I ain't afraid of bidding. I ain't mean; I'll give eighteen-and-three-quarter cents,' said he. 'Blessed stranger!' thought I; 't is with you, 'Blessed are they that give.' 'Eighteen-and-three-quarter cents, going, going, go ——'

'Twenty-five cents,' cried a new voice.

'Twenty-five, twenty-five, going; twenty-five, twenty-five. Will any one give an advance?' No answer: all looked blank. 'Twenty-five cents,' repeated I; 'twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five: going! going! and it is twenty-five, going! going! going! gone! Who is the purchaser? the name, Sir?' and the entire company looked aghast. 'The name? your name?'

'I buys it for de blanetiff,' he answered, 'and here is de monish,' holding the purchase-money tightly between finger and thumb; 'and ven I gits de goots I bays de gash, and nicht before.'

The mountain had labored, and this was the result. The plaintiff had employed this man to bid for him, and twenty-five cents was the sum-total of my sale; and my customer, it seemed, would not pay until I made delivery of the property, or until I had guaranteed the transfer to him of the corporeal hereditament, (if I may borrow a phrase from another branch of the law,) and when he gets the goods he pays the cash, and not before.

'And when will you take the goods? now, if I deliver them?' asked I.

'No!' answered he; 'because I haf no blace for boot him in yoost now. I cose and kits a blace, and I lets you know dis afternoon ven I dakes de goots.'

Here was another dilemma. The purchaser demanded a delivery of 'the interest,' by a delivery of the property; and this was insisted on by the attorney for the plaintiff, an eminent counsellor, and learned in the law, who maintained that, as I was in possession of the property from the moment I levied, uninterruptedly, until the sale took place, that I was, therefore, necessarily bound to deliver it to the purchaser if he demanded the delivery.

Now, this was a position I could not well controvert, coming from so distinguished a lawyer; yet it was making my case a great deal worse than I had at any time contemplated or thought of, because I had hoped that the purchaser would have been content to file his bill in equity, to reach Smithers' individual surplus, and seek his rights in that manner, rather than compel me to the performance of so ungracious a task.

I prepared myself then (finding that I was in this unpleasant predicament) to wait for the movements of the buyer, who promised to let me know during the afternoon when he would be ready to receive the property. I was exceeding patient, but I could not but think of Mr. Phelim Jackson, pending this patience of mine. How would he take it? Would he interpose his rights? Would he by force prevent the delivery of the property? and, finally, would he be a living witness to the deli-

very of an indivisible thing, in which two parties had an equal interest? These were questions that were to be determined by time alone.

I was informed in due time by the plaintiff, the purchaser, that he had hired a cellar for the purpose of storing the whiskey, and that he would be ready for the receipt thereof at any time during the next day most convenient to myself; and, with a view of avoiding obstructions and difficulties on the part of the parties interested, I told him 'that I would deliver the property on the next morning at seven o'clock, day-light,' and I requested him to be on hand with his cart-men and laborers, and at the same time to be cautious, and not to communicate my designs to any one, because I was satisfied that if it was known, every obstacle would be put in force against me.

'I will be very secret,' answered he, 'and I will be punctual. All shall be ready; and I hope that, as this is all I ever expect to receive from Smithers for a debt of two thousand dollars, a safe delivery of the purchase will be made, and that no opposition to you will prevent the same.'

And so ended my labors for that day, and I tried to forget the matter at evening time, and at night I was enjoying that rest so essential to me, in preparation for the ensuing morning's work; but, as 'there is no rest to the wicked,' my slumbering in the 'small hours' was disturbed by all manner of horrid dreams, suggested, doubtless, by the thoughts of anticipated warfare; and a voice, scarcely audible, seemed to whisper to me—was it a whisper?—'Get up! arise! come!' and my eyes opened, and I listened, and still the voice whispered, 'Arise! come!' I thought; and in my semi-waking I was sure that the voice was a living one; and still it kept repeating, 'Arise! come!' I thought again, Was this real? I asked myself, and I looked around, turning myself in my bed, and, lo! what was suggested in my dream was realized in my waking. Still the voice, 'Arise! come!' and I saw that my faithful Irish keeper, Pat Murphy, stood by my bed, and he still repeated the words, 'Arise! come! Will ye be afther risin'?'

'Well, Patrick, is it you? What's the matter? Why are you here?' I inquired, in as agitated and hurried a tone as the surprise of being waked at the time, and in such a way, might be expected. 'What's the hour?'

'It's me, sure, Sir, an' the matter is the divil's about, an' I'm here for askin' if ye'll plase git up and go wid me and chain the divil; an' it's six o'clock in the morning, Sir, half an hour before day-light, Sir. Come, arise! arise!'

All this was repeated to me as rapidly almost as an electric shock. I asked him to state to me the condition of things, and the cause of his disturbed temper, having risen, and arranging myself the while to accompany him to the scene of trouble, for such I was assured it was by the excited manner of my assistant; but not a sentence could I get from him in reply. He paced my room in great agitation. Anxiety and intensity of thought completely mailed him to my questions; but occasionally he would, as his heavy feet came upon the floor, stop, and, looking me full in the face, beg me to 'hurry,' while the monosylla-

bic 'Up! up! off in a whisk!' seemed to leap from his mouth in very fear, as if to hasten me more quickly to the scene of action.

It may be imagined that, hurried as I was, I would not permit time to linger, and, being ready to go, I accompanied Pat, who, on our way to the scene of action, in a carriage which had been engaged by the plaintiff in the execution, (thanks to his thoughtfulness,) gave me as connected a history of events as his nervous and excited condition would allow: 'Sure, Sir, they're mounted, all ov them; some wid swards, Sir, an' knives, an' cutlashes, an' guns, an' pishtils, an' blunderbushes, Sir; aye, Sir, wid swards, Sir, long swards, an' big blunderbushes, an' round cutlashes, Sir; an' they swear they'll cut the head off you gin you think of delivering, Sir; an' they are all dhrunk wid the whiskey all night they've been dhrinkin'; an' Dick along wid 'em, dhrunk enough, I'm sure, an' meself, Sir, is the only sober man among 'em. Oh! yes, Sir, Dick's as dhrunk as the rest, an' it's sorry I am to say so. An' Dooly, and Jackson, and Smithers, they're all there, wid some more ov the whiskey boys, Sir, all mounted, Sir, wid the guns, and swards, and cutlashes, blunderbushes, and pishtils, ready to cut off yer head. Oh! hush-a-loo, have mercy on thim. It's not afeard I am, only——'

'And so, my faithful friend,' said I, interrupting him, 'they are armed to the teeth, and ready and prepared, I suppose, to resist me. So, so: there's seven or eight of them, eh? and they've been drinking all night so as to keep their courage up to the blood-heat point. And they are all armed, too; and Dick has gone in, too; he's with the rest of them, eh?'

'Yes, Sir; an' sorry I am for it, Sir.'

'I do n't believe it,' said I to myself.

And the carriage rapidly drove on and on, yet the time was slowly creeping apace, not fast enough for my excited condition. I spoke to the driver, and bade him drive faster. He increased his speed, and on we went down Broadway faster than the corporation ordinances would allow, turned into a street to the left, and then into another, and then at the corner, being near to my point of destination, I jumped from the carriage and, for a moment only, stopped and meditated upon my course of action. I was in time; the appointed hour had not yet come. It still lacked about fifteen minutes of seven o'clock.

Having surveyed my ground, and my determination being fixed, I proceeded to enter the premises. I was startled for a moment to hear the voices inside. I hesitated, while my ear rung with the sounds of a drunken chorus they were singing:

'THEN a whiff let us take — then the whiskey we'll quaff,
And a wallop we'll give to the meddlers.'

That last meant me, or one of us.

'Och! murder, Sir! d'ye hear that?' said Murphy, looking at me with sad affright in his face.

'I do;' and they kept on singing:

'And a wallop we'll give to the meddlers.'

I entered the place, and every thing was as Pat had informed me. Mister Phelim Jackson was the prominent man of the party. He was standing when I entered, his arm extended, with a tumbler in his hand, and he repeated the chorus in part, 'and a wallop,' when his right arm dropped, spilling the contents of the tumbler in the motion, 'and a wol,' hiccuped he, and he looked amazed; and whether he was more staggered by the libations he had indulged in, or by the suddenness of my entrance, I cannot say, but he was 'gloriously drunk,' and so were all his fellows. Dooly was lying on a settee, stretched out on his back, and his arm would occasionally move, as if in the act of putting it to his mouth, while he muttered, 'wollop — med — hic — dlers, give to a cool;' but he was in a beautiful state of obliviousness. Here in a corner, so that he couldn't well fall off the chair in which he was seated, his head hanging over the back, was Smithers. He was clean gone. Nothing remained of him but the shadow; and two others of the party were in the same condition, only they were on the floor, unable to help themselves. There yet remained two, who, with Jackson, were bent on resisting me; that is, as far as their condition would allow. They were not so helplessly drunk but that they could do a great deal of mischief, and there, sitting by the stove, apparently a long way 'over the bay,' sat my Dick, who, when I first looked at him, caught my eye, giving me a wink, as much as to say, 'all's well,' and I understood it. The party of seven was, by Dick's shrewdness reduced to three, and they combined were not more than one good man, saving, of course, the weapons with which they were respectively armed. Dick had contrived to avoid the glass on this occasion, although appearing to the conspirators to drink every time with them. He deluded them in this manner. They knowing that their attack must be on him, as him they feared, because of his immense strength and endurance; and it was this seeming association with them that alarmed Pat Murphy, who afterwards declared 'that 't was the first time in his life he had iver been desaved by a man,' yet he had a lingering idea that 'Dick, for the purpose of kapin' his hand in, tuck a dhrink onst in a while' — an Irish bull all over.

'Good morning, Mr. Jackson,' said I, after surveying the ground, and when that individual had recovered himself somewhat from the surprise I had thrown him into by my appearance at that early hour, so unexpectedly. 'Good morning, Sir; I see you are early at your store, ah! and you have some friends, too! I suppose you are aware of my presence here this morning? Armed too! I declare! What's this? — a sword fastened to your waist, and these pistols too in your vest pocket, eh? Going to shoot some body? And your friends, too; I see they are armed; guns in the corner; cutlasses; well — very well —'

'I — I —' stuttered he, interrupting me.

'Seven of you,' continued I, 'all armed to the teeth; a very puissant party you are truly; and I hear you are going to cut my head off, and blow me to smithers, to pieces; is it so?'

'Any bib-bib-body that inter-fe-fe-feres with mim-mim-mim-my pip-pip-property,' hiccuped he in reply, 'I'm er gig-gig-going ter-ter to shoot, Sir, ler-ler-like a dog, Sir, or-or a robber, Sir, and these here

gen-gen-gentlemen, Sir, are here to assist mim-mim-me in the preservation in 'em, Sir. D' ye he-he-hear that, Sir?'

'I do, Sir, and despite your brag, I am here to deliver the property I sold yesterday.'

'Ye'd better not,' observed the two remaining friends of Jackson's, who maintained their equilibrium with the utmost difficulty. 'We'm here, Sir, continued one of them, staggering and pitching, and swaying to-and-fro, 'to stand up for the rir-rir-rights of this here gen-gen-gentleman; ye-yes, Sir, we are.'

'I hope you will always stand up for your friends, but my business is with Mr. Jackson, and I'll be obliged to you if you will not trouble me. Attend to your own affairs, and don't attempt to interfere with me, for you must know that I am the sheriff.'

This was a settler, and they quietly slunk away, and repeating to one another, 'He's the she-she-sheriff; all's right; let's go; 't wont do,' sought that refuge their drunken state needed, by quietly dropping into chairs and falling fast asleep.

My men, Dick and Pat, hereupon desired to know my orders. I sent Pat to see if the plaintiff, with his cartmen and laborers, were in the neighborhood — the appointed meeting-place; and to my directions to Dick to get the falls and tackle ready, he answered lugubriously 'that in the early part of the night, before the party had got too drunk, they had unshipped the tackle from the hoist-wheel; that it would have been rashness in him to have attempted to prevent it; that he had to appear to them as joining with them; and he doubted not I saw the wisdom of his manœuvre, particularly when he had got them all so blindly drunk that only one could stand, and he not steadily.'

Patrick returned immediately, giving me the information that all was ready; and calling in my laborers, I cut open the hatchway, which had been tightly nailed and spiked down. I directed them what to do, when Mr. Jackson protested as well as he could against the act, as 'he would hold every one liable to him as trespassers; and he declared further that he would shoot any body and cut him in pieces who dared to interfere in the matter with his property,' hearing which, Dick went to him and told him that he, Dick, wanted his sword and pistols.

'Sword and pistols, Dick!' repeated he; 'ye shall ha-have them; ye-yer a man, every inch of you. Dear Dick, my boy, ye'll fi-fi-fight 'em for me. Dear Dick, won't you? Take care of mim-my rights. Dick, ye're a good fif-fif-fellow, so you are.'

And by this time the pistols and sword were in Dick's possession.

And then, finding that the entire party were disarmed, Mr. Phelim Jackson though protesting to the last against the invasion of his personal rights, threatened the direst vengeance of the law upon all of us.

The property was, after a while, all delivered without further interruption, and snugly stored in a cellar in Beaver-street, and in the possession of the purchaser of all of Smithers' interest; and so with the present position of the whiskey I had nothing further to do.

And the plaintiff, the purchaser, and present owner, with Jackson, of the property, how securely he was, as he fancied, in the possession of the whiskey. The entire matter had cost him but about one hundred

dollars. Was he not the possessor of his newly-acquired property, worth about three thousand dollars? He had only purchased Smithers' interest. Jackson's right in the property was not divested; and as long as Jackson knew of the depository, just so long could he exercise equal ownership in the same; because if a man owns property, and cannot put his hand upon it, he is in no better condition than if he owns none at all. It was not so with Jackson; and the property was liable still for the individual debts of Jackson, as well as for the co-partnership debts of Smithers and Company. Alas! for the uncertain tenure of the plaintiff's purchase!

On the afternoon of the day of the delivery of the whiskey, I was waited upon by Mr. Nathaniel Dooly, who by this time had safely got through his 'drunk,' and he desired to know if I could serve a writ for him. He wanted a levy made upon a large lot of whiskey in punch-ons, stored in a cellar in Beaver-street. The execution was in his favor, for four thousand dollars against Andrew Smithers and Phelim Jackson, constituting the firm of Smithers and Company, and he begged me 'not to stand on the order of my going, but go at once.'

This was then the proper way, the legitimate mode to recover the property again, or rather to preserve it to the creditors of Smithers and Company; and I was glad to find that returning reason induced them to consult counsel in the matter, who advised that the property was joint property, and was therefore liable to the creditors of the firm jointly. Judgment had been thereupon confessed by Andrew Smithers and Phelim Jackson, execution issued, and a levy made; and when the purchaser of Smithers' interest was informed of matters as they stood, his rage was boundless. He could do nothing, however, yet he gave forth a complaint that he had bought a *little* experience in the law, but he fancied he paid a little too dear for the whiskey.

Well, then, in a few days thereafter, the whiskey was sold by me, absolutely under the last aforesaid execution. Dooly was there, and Smithers was there, and Mr. Phelim Jackson was there, each smiling in turn at the favorable issue the whiskey had taken, under the new execution. It was purchased by Dooly, the plaintiff, and taken back to the place from whence I had delivered it.

Mr. Phelim Jackson was exceedingly pleased with my method of delivering an indivisible interest; but 'he could n't for all the world,' as he said, 'tell how it was done. Bedad!' said he, 'Sheriff, seven of us were there, on that night, Sir, do you see, to prevent the thing. We were all prepared; but on the honor of an Irishman'—and he bowed very low at that—'not against you, to resist the transfer; and we all got mellow, Sir, ripe, Sir, as blushing peaches; and one was got down, and another, and six of us were packed up, Sir, in oat-male, distilled, and I was left blooming all alone, all alone. D'ye think, Sir, I could stand and see my whiskey whisked off by a fellow like that, Sir, that was mane enough to bid a quarter-dollar for it? Ah! no, no, Sir.'

'You could n't stand any way, and it was my opinion, too, Mr. Jackson, that you could not see either. You were felicitously whiskey-blind and ——'

'Oh! bother, Sheriff!' interrupted he, 'not another word; none

of that now ; I'm done ; but I'll promise you one thing, that in whatever similar emergency I may be placed in, the law, Sir, first shall be respected, because, Sir, its ample enough to protect every one that relies upon it ; and upon my word, as I am a true son of the Emerald Isle, that was the first as it shall be the last time I shall ever be engaged in resisting the law, or in inciting a ' whiskey insurrection.'

EVENING ON THE PACIFIC.

BY J. SWETT.

In the Pacific's heaving breast
The burning sun his red disc laves,
And sinks in purple clouds to rest
Upon his bed of ocean waves.

He lingers on the breaking crest
Of billows blue, in sparkling sheen ;
Then seeks the chambers of the West,
In soft expiring tints of green.

Before the freshening evening breeze
Our white-winged vessel faster flies :
Around her flash the sparkling seas,
Above her bend the starry skies.

Around us rolls an ocean blue,
The Southern Cross burns on the sky,
Where silver islands spread to view,
And float in sapphire seas on high.

The furrow of our course afar
Is marked by phosphorescent light,
As if some shattered falling star
Had scattered showers of fragments bright.

Before the ship's majestic bows
The fleecy foam rolls up like snow,
As swiftly through the seas she ploughs,
And springs to meet her ocean foes.

The stars above are burning bright ;
Around, the waves are dancing free ;
Thus could I ever sail at night.
On the Pacific's moonlit sea.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY CLAUDE HALCRO.

OUT! out! OLD YEAR,
With eyes so blear,
And locks unkempt and hoary;
Down to thy tomb,
And with its gloom
Fall thee and thy poor story:
For see appear
The glad NEW-YEAR,
With shining curls all roary;
With glances bright,
And robe of light,
And form of new-born glory.

Out! out! OLD YEAR,
Nor linger here,
Grown old in woe and blunder:
With cares distraught,
With sorrow fraught,
Thou palsied, bootless wonder!
Pluck off that dim
And gemless rim,
And rend thy robes asunder;
And, crownless all,
And naked, crawl
In shame the cold earth under.

What hast thou done,
Thou grizzly One!
That we should heed thy dying,
But with thy snows
Brought countless woes—
Dear PEACE thy kiss denying?
What ancient wrong,
What error strong,
But for thy smile was vying?
Naught hast thou done,
O fruitless One!
The weary world is sighing.

Pause not to waste
A moment—haste!
Nor cast a look behind thee;
Leaving thy chills,
Deep-seated ills,
And all thy works unkindly:
Leave all thou hast
Of error past,
Done ruthlessly and blindly;
For, see appear
The glad NEW-YEAR,
In utter death to wind thee!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE REPUBLICAN COURT: OR, AMERICAN SOCIETY IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. With Twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

No book has appeared for a long period calculated in itself to excite so much attention, and make so great an impression as 'The Republican Court,' by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. The well-known ability of the author, his varied learning and research, the access he has had to authorities, the large and valuable collection of manuscripts in his own possession, and his intimacy with the few remaining contemporaries of the great departed, adapted him, beyond any man in America, for the work of placing before us a picture of the manners and the times of the early Republic, and of giving a faithful portraiture of the leading spirits of that eventful period. The title of the work is aptly chosen. The galaxy of brave hearts, unsurpassed in patriotism and profound wisdom, in brilliancy, and wit, and learning, and beauty, which revolved around WASHINGTON, and of which he was the centre and the sun, formed indeed a court; a court of nobles, created by the hand of God, without letters-patent and kings' signatures. Its like the world may never see again. So much has been said of WASHINGTON, and of the men and women of the Revolution, that some may suppose nothing new can be written on the subject. Such are liable to misjudge Dr. GRISWOLD's book in the outset, and hastily to conclude that it is simply a compilation of old matter in a new and attractive form, rather than an original production worthy of a first place among our historical works. A perusal of the volume will disabuse the reader on this point. Indeed, he will be surprised to discover that he knew really so little about so familiar a subject, and that he has been so little accustomed to have the great actors of those times placed before him as actors; in short, so vividly and truthfully, that it will appear to him he has not known them hitherto.

True, we are all acquainted with WASHINGTON and his generals, his cabinet, and his 'court;' we have read where every man was born — of their glorious deeds, their public lives, their deaths: but of their social intercourse, their family habits and customs, their recreations, and the routine of their domestic life, we know comparatively nothing; for history, too often mounted upon stilts, overlooks these things altogether. History ever, when treating of topics

the most interesting and illustrious, is apt to grow dull and heavy in dry detail; its mere adherence to statistics, to the record of events, renders it, if not unreliable, yet unimpressive. This is why we seldom learn to look upon the men of history as *actual*; for their social, their home life, is rarely depicted. They appear before us as instruments merely, a part of the machinery by which events are worked out.

In this connection we beg to inquire why our historians, as they call themselves, persist in the use of a ponderous and affected gravity in style, as if solemnity could be mistaken for wisdom? Why will they not, for the future, follow the example of Dr. GRISWOLD, and endeavor to take a lesson from the charmingly attractive and graceful style in which he writes his 'History of the Republican Court'? Then would there be more readers of 'history;' for we should read with pleasure as well as profit.

In his dedication to Dr. FRANCIS, the author pleads his late ill-health as an excuse for any apparent carelessness in the composition; but remarks that one chapter, entitled 'The Convention,' is free from fault, being prepared by an eminent man of letters. We do not perceive any marks of carelessness in the writing of the book. Had we discovered them, we should, despite the author's apology, (we do not believe in apologies from authors,) proceed to point them out, in all good feeling, but with frankness. And in this spirit we are constrained to say that the chapter for which the author claims so much, strikes us as not fully 'up' to the rest of the volume. We allude particularly to the worn-out, common-place method adopted in the descriptions of the celebrated men in the chapter entitled 'The Convention.' For example: 'Mark that tall man, with the somewhat long visage, dark complexion, and blue eyes,' etc., etc., etc. This may do in a correspondence for a daily journal, but is not suited to this volume.

But we proceed to give the reader some idea of the good things he has before him in the perusal of Dr. GRISWOLD's book. We quote from the first chapter:

At length the struggle was ended. After eight years of sanguinary and doubtful war came peace at last, with independence, acknowledged by the chief masters of the world. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the first blood of the Revolution reddened the field of Lexington: on the nineteenth of April, 1783, proclamation was made of the treaty signed at Paris. On the second of the following November, the veteran and victorious soldiers were disbanded, by order of Congress, their illustrious chief having the previous day taken his final leave of them, invoking from their grateful country and the God of battles, 'ample justice here, and the choicest of HEAVEN'S favors both here and hereafter.'

'Eight years of desolating war, though crowned with a triumph which only the most universal and profound patriotism, guided by wisdom almost super-human, could have accomplished, had brought in their train so much suffering, to so many households mourning for fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and with their conclusion, a poverty so general and hopeless, that there was little of that turbulence of joy which a more sudden and less costly victory would have excited. He who, scarred and poorly clothed, laid aside his arms and, turning toward the haunts of his childhood, saw fields, which had blossomed as the rose, half obscured with a new wilderness, with perhaps a charred and silent ruin in the midst, must have felt keenly, what seems now to be so commonly forgotten, the fearful price which had been paid for liberty. But then liberty was secured, and, thankful for this, nearly every one determined to carry content with his remaining energies into a laborious private life.'

'On the eighteenth of November the British army retired from New-York, and the American troops, still in service, entered from the opposite direction, General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON riding at the head of the procession. These events caused, of course, a general joy in the city, and they were celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm. Governor CLINTON gave public dinners, first to WASHINGTON and his com-

panions in arms, and soon after to the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la LUZERNE. At the last there were present more than one hundred gentlemen, beside the Commander-in-chief, with his general officers in the city, and the principal persons connected with the State government; and in the evening followed the most splendid display of fire-works, from the Bowling-Green, that had ever been seen in America. The next day, the fourth of December, occurred the most sadly impressive scene in WASINGTON's history. At noon the officers of the army assembled, according to his request, for a final parting, at FRAUCERS' Tavern, in Broad-street. We have a touching description of the scene by an eye-witness. The Chief, with his customary punctuality, entered the room where his brave associates for so many years were assembled. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drank, he added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, the Chief embraced him, with tears, and in the same affectionate manner he bade farewell to each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility, and not a word interrupted the eloquent silence. Leaving the room, THATCHER continues, he passed through the corps of Light Infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge awaited to convey him to PAULS Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, their melancholy countenances displaying emotions which cannot be described. Having entered the barge, he turned to his friends, who stood uncovered upon the shore, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.'

The author contrasts the astounding difference in population, wealth, and power between the States in those days, and which now constitute one of the first nations of the world. Three millions of people have increased to thirty millions, and New-York has jumped from thirty thousand to rank as the third city in Christendom, and Boston and Philadelphia in proportion. Society in those three cities at the commencement of the war of the Revolution was as refined as that of any foreign country. Most of the young gentlemen were educated at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh. In the Moravian establishment at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, in 'nun-like seclusion,' were educated a large proportion of the belles who gave the fashionable circles of New-York and Philadelphia their inspiration during the last twenty years of the century. In a letter of MISS REBECCA FRANKS, afterward Lady JOHNSTON, we have a graphic and amusing description of the higher social life of New-York. In it we have remarks of drawing-room demeanor, on dress of course, on beaux, and—the weather! It seems they complained as much of the heat of summer in the town then as we do now:

'THE habits of life, polish of manners, and style of dress were the badges of eminence by which the aristocracy of New-England asserted its outward superiority. If a gentleman went abroad, he appeared in his wig, white stock, white satin embroidered vest, black satin small-clothes, with white silk stockings, and fine broadcloth or velvet coat; if at home, a velvet cap, sometimes with a fine linen one beneath it, took the place of a wig; while a gown, frequently of colored damask, lined with silk, was substituted for the coat, and the feet were covered with leather slippers of some fancy color. Visitors were received with hospitality and graceful courtesy. One custom prevailed which now would greatly shock the New-England sense of propriety. In most genteel families a tankard of punch was prepared every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it; the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from the cooler in which it stood, and, after drinking from it himself, handing it in person to the guests.'

The most fashionable dinner hour was never later than three. Cards formed the evening's amusement; sometimes dancing, (which, like dramatic entertainments, the Legislature had not made *mala prohibita*.) but then the stately minuet flourished in those days. What would some of our lovely *fore-mothers* say, if introduced to the mysteries of the polka, schottisch, and mazourka at one of our modern balls?

The judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, in winter, while on the bench wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and in summer, a full black-silk gown.

We have in the second chapter, 'The Convention,' fair pen-portraits of its members; but, as these are eminently historical characters, they are already well known to our readers.

At the moment we are writing this, the bells of 'Trinity' are tolling for the burial of one lady whose presence graced the saloons of New-York during the administration of WASHINGTON, and whose portrait adorns this volume — Mrs. ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Mr. BRISSOT DE WARVILLE, a young French nobleman, describes her as a 'charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of an American wife.' She was the daughter of General PHILIP SCHUYLER, a native of Albany, and married to Colonel HAMILTON, then aid to General WASHINGTON, in 1780. Her husband died about fifty years ago, and she is now lying by his side in the same grave. After a weary separation, their remains repose together in their last resting-place.

Dr. GRISWOLD thus impressively describes WASHINGTON's last meeting with his mother, at the end of the following quotation :

'As it had been popularly known for several weeks before the votes of the electors were officially canvassed, that WASHINGTON was unanimously chosen President, his preparations for entering upon the duties of the office were all completed before the arrival of Mr. THOMPSON at Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April. In a letter to General KNOX, referring to the delay of the certificate of his election, he says: 'As to myself, this delay may be compared to a reprieve; for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit) that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties.' He, however, informed Mr. THOMPSON that at the end of two days he would be ready to accompany him, and in the mean time paid a last visit to his venerable mother in Fredericksburg. On coming into her presence, he said: 'The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and —' Here she interrupted him: 'You will see me no more,' she said; 'my great age and the disease which is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, GEORGE; fulfill the high destinies which HEAVEN appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that HEAVEN'S and your mother's blessing be with you always.' He was deeply affected; his head rested on the shoulder of his aged parent, whose arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The scene was full of the most touching sublimity. Both the mother and son were dissolved in tears at the thought that they were embracing each other for the last time. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of WASHINGTON, and no woman since the mother of CHRIST has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind.'

There is a brilliant detail of 'The Triumphal Progress' to New-York, and of 'The Inauguration.' Hear our author in conclusion of this portion of the volume. By it we learn one source of information of which he doubtless availed himself in the portrayal of the latter ceremony :

'Few persons are now living who witnessed the induction of the first President of the United States into his office; but walking, not many months ago, near the middle of a night of unusual beauty, through Broadway — at the hour scarcely disturbed by any voices or foot-falls except our own — WASHINGTON IRVING related to Dr. FRANCIS and myself his recollections of these scenes, with that graceful conversational eloquence of which he is one of the greatest of living masters. He had watched the procession

till the President entered Federal Hall, and from the corner of New-street and Wall-street had observed the subsequent proceedings in the balcony.'

The President's manner of receiving visitors, his household arrangements, and several balls given in his honor, are spiritedly described in the chapter entitled 'New-York Metropolitan.' We will pass over this and the following chapters: 'The Eastern Tour,' 'The season of Eighty-nine and Ninety,' 'The Removal of the Government,' and come to that headed 'Society in Philadelphia.' After mentioning Dr. RUSH; Judge PETERS, the genial humorist; FRANCIS HOPKINSON, author of 'The Battle of the Kegs;' the 'sage RITTENHOUSE;' JOHN FITCH, the inventor of the steam-boat; Bishop WHITE; CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; and JOHN RANDOLPH, as at that time residing in Philadelphia, the author goes on to say:

'THE addition of American women to extravagance in dress has always been remarked by foreigners and by our travelled countrymen. The COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU observed, at the close of the war, that the wives of our merchants and bankers were 'clad to the tip of the French fashions, of which they were remarkably fond.' BRISSOT DE WARVILLE deploras it as a great misfortune that in republics women should sacrifice so much time to 'trifles,' and that republican men should hold this habit in some estimation. He tells us the women of Philadelphia wore hats and caps almost as varied as those of Paris, and bestowed immense expenses in dressing their heads, displaying 'pretensions too affected to be pleasing.'

The Quakers in Philadelphia were relatively much more numerous in 1791 than now, and they lived very much retired among themselves; but the Duke la ROCHEFOUCAULD LAINCOURT perceives that 'ribbons please young Quakeresses as well as others, and are the great enemies of the sect:'

'OF these Quaker women, BRISSOT says: 'They are what they should be, faithful to their husbands, tender to their children, vigilant and economical in their households, and simple in their ornaments; their characteristic is that, neglectful of their exterior, they reserve all their accomplishments for the mind. Let us say it — let us not cease to repeat it — it is when such manners obtain that we are to look for happy families and public virtues. But we, miserable wretches! gangrened with our own civilization and politeness, we have abjured these manners, and who among us is happy?' Nevertheless, the Frenchman confesses that the young Quakeresses curl their locks with great care and anxiety, which cost them as much time as the most exquisite toilette, and wear hats covered with silk and satin. Such observations give him pain. 'These youthful creatures, whom nature has so well endowed, whose charms have so little need of the aid of art, are remarkable for their choice of the finest muslins and silks; oriental luxury itself would not disdain the linen they wear, and elegant fans play between their fingers.' He urges the maxim of PENN, that 'modesty and mildness are the finest ornaments of the soul,' and warns them that their choice of delicate linens and rich silks is regarded by others as hypocritical luxury, ill disguised. Among Quakers of the braver sex he discovers that there are some who dress more like men of the world, who wear powder, silver buckles, and ruffles; they are called 'wet Quakers;' the others regard them as 'a kind of schismatics, or feeble men.' They admit them, indeed, to their places of worship on Sundays, but never to their monthly or quarterly meetings.'

The French revolution having broken out about this time, with all its appalling horrors, the people of the United States, not understanding how little it resembled in principles our own war for independence, and not pausing to consider whether the inhabitants of that country were fit for self-government, did not doubt of the ultimate success of French republicanism, and exhibited a ferment of sympathy for the cause. The wise WASHINGTON and HAMILTON and ADAMS, and many others, saw how it would end, and for their doubts in the matter began to be stigmatized as 'Anglo-men' and 'Monarchists.' Partisan abuse crept into the public prints. The *National Gazette* was industrious

in the cause of vilifying the private characters of WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, KNOX, and ADAMS, and was replete with fulsome adulation of Mr. JEFFERSON. It appears beyond a doubt that JEFFERSON controlled this paper; and FRENEAU, in his old age, told Dr. FRANCIS, who became his physician, that JEFFERSON had written or dictated whatever was reproachful or calumnious of the President, in the *Gazette*. The enmity of JEFFERSON to WASHINGTON has been a bitter subject of controversy ever since, and we do not wish now to enter into the merits of the dispute. There are strong opinions on both sides; and the very fact that the friends of JEFFERSON endeavor to disprove it, shows what a stigma they consider it.

Let us pass from this to the reception of M. GENET, the first Minister to the United States from the French Republic:

'At length, soon after twelve o'clock, on the sixteenth of May, three discharges of artillery from this ship' (the French frigate *L'Ambuscade*, then lying at Philadelphia,) 'announced the approach of GENET, and a great concourse of people immediately started for GRAY'S Ferry, where he was waiting for them. As he drew near, the bells of CHRIST Church were rung, though it could not have been with Bishop WHITE'S consent. An address, prepared by citizens DALLAS, RITTENHOUSE, DUPONCEAU, and others, was read amid the acclamations of thousands. The Minister was equally delighted and astonished at so fraternal a welcome; and when he read an approving history of all these proceedings in a journal edited by a confidential clerk of the Secretary of State, it was natural that he anticipated only a slight opposition on the part of the government to the so evident wishes of the people.

'On the same day, however, an address was presented to the President, signed by three hundred of the principal merchants and other men of substance and activity residing in the city, declaring that nothing was necessary to the happiness of the people of the United States but a continuance of peace; that the highest sense was entertained of the wisdom and goodness which dictated his recent proclamation of neutrality; and that the signers would not only pay to it themselves the strictest regard, but discountenance, in the most pointed manner, any contrary disposition in others. WASHINGTON replied with his usual dignity and judgment, trusting that the people would evince as much prudence in preserving peace at that critical juncture as they had previously displayed valor in vindicating their just rights.

'On the eighteenth, an address from the democrats was offered to GENET, at the City Tavern, by CHARLES BIDDLE, and others, with tumultuous exhibitions of popular enthusiasm; and on the twenty-third a public dinner was given at OELLER'S Hotel, at which the Minister is said to have sung, 'with great energy and effect, a song adapted to the occasion, and replete with truly patriotic and republican sentiments.' Soon after, the *bonnet rouge* was placed on his head, and subsequently in turn upon the head of each person at the table, every one offering, while sensible of its inspiration, a 'patriotic sentiment.' No such 'frenzy,' to use Mr. JEFFERSON'S favorite expression, has ever since been known in America.

'Democratic societies were founded in imitation of Jacobin clubs. Every thing that was respectable in society was denounced as aristocratic; politeness was looked upon as a sort of *lese-republicanisme*; the common forms of expression in use by the *sans culottes* were adopted by their American disciples; the title of citizen became as common in Philadelphia as in Paris; and in the newspapers it was the fashion to announce marriages as partnerships between Citizen Brown, Smith, or Jones, and the citess who had been wooed to such an association. Entering the house of the President, Citizen GENET was astonished and indignant at perceiving in the vestibule a bust of Louis XVI., whom his friends had beheaded, and he complained of this 'insult to France.' At a dinner, at which Governor MITCHELL was present, a roasted pig received the name of the murdered king, and the head, severed from the body, was carried round to each of the guests, who, after placing the liberty-cap on his own head, pronounced the word 'Tyrant!' and then proceeded to mangle with his knife that of the luckless creature doomed to be served for so unworthy a company. One of the democratic taverns displayed as a sign a revolting picture of the mutilated and bloody corpse of MARIE ANTOINETTE.

'The extraordinary conduct of GENET, crowned with his audacious appeal from the government to the people, is fully detailed in the best histories we have of those times. It was the administration of ROBESPIERRE, the Reign of Terror, which he represented, and for which the democrats claimed the unhesitating and unquestioning support of the country. The President at length complained of him, and he was recalled; but a

change of factions having occurred in the republic of homicides, he did not deem it expedient to return; and marrying CORNELIA TAPPAN CLINTON, a daughter of the Governor of New-York, he selected a home in that State, and ever after resided there.'

We must stop here. Dr. GRISWOLD, in conclusion, says: 'I have attempted in a desultory way, to illustrate the habits of society and the characteristics of eminent persons, in an age the most important and extraordinary in our history. The main design has been to exhibit the social rather than the political aspects of the time; but it will be readily perceived that it was impossible to do one and not the other.' Dr. GRISWOLD is right, and he has done both well, and for the performance, the great American public owe him thanks. We should not omit to mention that the volume is embellished with twenty-one portraits of distinguished women, including Mrs. WASHINGTON, Mrs. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Mrs. ADAMS, the Marchioness D'YRUGO, and Mrs. CHARLES CARROLL, from original pictures by WOLLASTON, EARLE, STUART, GAINSBOROUGH, TRUMBULL, and other contemporary painters. The engravings are in the highest style of the art, and the whole work is produced in a manner of excellence hitherto unequalled in America.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by Himself. In one volume: pp. 404. Illustrated with a Portrait on Steel. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Nassau-street.

It has been common enough with thousands to denounce Mr. BARNUM as a 'humbug,' and with this contemptuous term to dismiss his name from conversation. But for our part, we wish there were more just such 'humbugs' in the world; that there were a few more such places as the 'American Museum,' where attractive amusement and valuable information could be so liberally and cheaply furnished. The advent of JENNY LIND in this country was pronounced 'one of BARNUM's humbugs;' yes, and a 'humbug' which we are glad that he turned to good personal account, as well as did, on her part, the matchless singer herself. But for *his* liberal enterprise, however, we never should have the remembered delight of having heard the world-renowned Swede. The public therefore came in for a fair share of the advantage of *this* 'humbug,' at least, whatever they may have thought of JOYCE KETH or the Fejee Mermaid, both of which, it must certainly be confessed, were 'very great curiosities.' In the volume before us, Mr. BARNUM professes to give, and we have not the slightest doubt *does* give, the 'true history of his many adventures, and the numerous enterprises in which he has been engaged.' His career has been truly a checkered one. 'I have been,' he says, 'a farmer's boy and a merchant, a clerk and a manager, a show-man and a bank-president. I have been in jail and in palaces; have known poverty and abundance; have travelled over a large portion of two continents; have seen every phase of human character; and have on several occasions been in imminent personal peril.' But on the whole, although he has had some sad experiences, his life has yet been a merry one. He seems always to have considered 'an inch of laugh worth an ell of mean,' in any state of the market. The volume is full of fun and the most

ludicrous 'situations,' as theatrical people would term them; nor does he attempt to cover up in the least what have been called his 'humbugs,' giving a full account even of such schemes as 'JOYCE HERR,' the 'Fejee Mermaid,' and 'The Woolly Horse.' Personally, we have greatly to regret that we had no occasion to see either of these 'remarkable structures' while they were 'on view.' Our luck was better in relation to two other interesting productions—not to say *three*—as witness the following, which the reader is to premise occurred soon after the opening of the 'American Museum,' under Mr. BARNUM's administration, one of the attractions of which was, at that time, '*The Great Model of Niagara Falls, with Real Water!!*' We remember the circumstance as if it were yesterday, and also the affair of the murderous club that killed Captain Cook. Our memory does n't 'serve us' quite so well concerning the matter of the 'poly-wog,' but we may assume that it is correctly rendered, the preceding anecdotes are so faithfully presented:

'A SINGLE barrel of water answered the purpose of this model for an entire season; for the falls flowed into a reservoir behind the scenes, and the water was continually re-supplied to the cataract by means of a small pump.

'Many visitors who could not afford to travel to Niagara, were doubtless induced to visit the 'model with real water,' and if they found it rather 'small potatoes,' they had the whole Museum to fall back upon for twenty-five cents, and no fault was found.

'One day, I was peremptorily summoned to appear before the Board of Croton Water Commissioners the next morning at ten o'clock.' I was punctual.

'Sir,' said the President, 'you pay only twenty-five dollars per annum for the Croton water at the Museum. That is simply intended to supply the ordinary purposes of your establishment. We cannot furnish water for your Niagara Falls without large extra compensation.'

'Begging 'his honor' not to believe all he read in the papers, nor to be too literal in the interpretation of my large show-bills, I explained the operation of the great cataract, and offered to pay a dollar a drop for all the water I used for Niagara Falls exceeding one barrel per month, provided my pump continued in good order! I was permitted to retire, amid a hearty burst of laughter from the Commissioners, in which his honor the President condescended to join.

'On one occasion, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq., the witty and popular editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' called to view my Museum. I had never had the pleasure of seeing him before, and he introduced himself. I was extremely anxious that my establishment should receive a 'first-rate notice' in his popular magazine, and therefore accompanied him through the entire Museum, taking especial pains to point out all objects of interest. We passed the entrance of the hall containing Niagara Falls just as the visitors had entered it from the performances in the Lecture-Room, and hearing the pump at work, I was aware that the great cataract was at that moment in full operation.

'I desired to avoid that exhibition, feeling confident that if Mr. CLARK should see the model Niagara, he would be so much disgusted with the entire show, that he would 'blow it up' in his 'KNICKERBOCKER,' or (what I always consider much the worse for me) pass it by in *silent* contempt. Seeing him approach the entrance, I endeavored to call his attention to some object of interest in the other hall, but I was too late. He had noticed a concourse of visitors in the 'Falls Room,' and his curiosity to know what was going on was excited.

'Hold on, BARNUM,' said CLARK; 'let us see what you have here.'

'It is only a model of Niagara Falls,' I replied.

'Oh! ah! yes, yes, I remember now. I have noticed your advertisements and splendid posters announcing Niagara Falls with real water. I have some curiosity to see the cataract in operation,' said CLARK, at the same time mounting upon a chair in order to obtain a full view over the heads of the visitors.

'I felt considerably sheepish as I saw this movement, and listened to the working of the old pump, whose creakings seemed to me to be worse than ever. I held my breath, expecting to hear the sagacious editor pronounce this the silliest humbug that he ever saw. I was presently, however, as much surprised as delighted to hear him say:

'Well, BARNUM, I declare that is quite a new idea. I never saw the like before.'

'I revived in a moment; and thinking that if LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK could see any thing attractive in the old model, he must be particularly green, I determined to do all in my power to assist his veridancy. 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is quite a new idea.'

'I declare I never saw any thing of the kind before in all my life,' exclaimed CLARK, with much enthusiasm.

'I flatter myself it is, in point of originality and ingenuity, considerably a-head of any invention of modern times,' I replied, with a feeling of exultation, as I saw that I had caught the great critic, and was sure of a puff of the best sort.

'Original!' exclaimed the editor. 'Yes, it is certainly original. I never dreamed of such a thing; I never saw any thing of the kind before since I was born—— and I hope, with all my heart, I never shall again!'

'It is needless to say that I was completely taken in, and felt that any ordinary key-hole was considerably larger than would be necessary for me to crawl through.

'We then passed to the upper stories of the Museum, and finally to the roof, where I had advertised an 'aërial garden,' which consisted of two tubs, each containing a stunted and faded cedar, and ten or twelve pots of wilted flowers, backed up by a dozen small tables and a few chairs for the accommodation of such partakers of ice-cream as could appreciate the beauties of ever-verdant nature, as shown forth in the tubs and pots aforesaid.

'The 'KNICKERBOCKER' appeared, and I felt happy to see that while it spoke of the assiduity in business manifested by the new proprietor of the Museum, and a prognostication that he would soon render his establishment highly popular, the editor had kindly refrained from making any allusion to 'THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA WITH REAL WATER!'

'Some months subsequent to this, Mr. CLARK came rushing into the Museum almost out of breath, and with much earnestness saluted me thus: 'Friend BARNUM, I have come in to ask if you have got the club in the Museum that Captain Cook was killed with?'

'Remembering that I had a large lot of Indian war-clubs among the collection of aboriginal curiosities, and feeling that I owed CLARK a joke for his Niagara Falls catch, I instantly replied that I was the owner of the club in question.

'Well, I declare I am very glad to hear it,' said he; 'for do you know that I have for a long time had a singular and irrepressible desire to see that club?'

'Wait here a few minutes and I will show it to you,' I replied.

'Passing up stairs, I commenced overhauling a lot of war-clubs, and finally selected a heavy one that looked as if it *might* have killed Captain Cook, or any body else whose head it came in contact with. Having affixed a small label on it, reading 'The Captain Cook Club,' I took it down to Mr. CLARK, assuring him that this was the instrument of death which he had inquired for.

'Is it possible!' said he, as he took it in his hand. Presently raising it above his head, he exclaimed, 'Well, I declare, this is a terrible weapon with which to take a man's life.'

'Yes,' I replied seriously, but feeling an inward delight that I was now paying off Mr. CLARK with interest; 'I believe it killed the victim at the first blow!'

'Poor Captain Cook!' exclaimed CLARK, with a sigh; 'I wonder if he was conscious after receiving the fatal blow.'

'I don't think he could have been,' I responded, with a well-feigned look of sorrow.

'You are sure this is the identical club?' inquired CLARK.

'We have documents which place its identity beyond all question,' I replied.

'Poor Cook! poor Cook!' said CLARK musingly. 'Well, Mr. BARNUM,' he continued, with great gravity, at the same time extending his hand and giving mine a hearty shake, 'I am really very much obliged to you for your kindness. I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook, and I felt quite confident you could accommodate me. I have been in half-a-dozen smaller museums, and as *they all had it*, I was sure a large establishment like yours would not be without it!'

'My laurels were fast withering, and I felt that unless I kept my wits about me and managed to pay CLARK at least an instalment of what I owed him, I should be the laughing-stock of all his acquaintances. A few weeks afterward, therefore, I wrote him a note, saying that I desired to consult him for a few moments at my office on a subject of serious importance to me. He came immediately.

'Now,' said I, 'I do not want any of your nonsense, but I want your sober advice.'

'My dear BARNUM,' he replied, in the fulness of his truly generous heart, 'nothing will give me greater pleasure than to serve you in any way in my power.'

'I proceeded to inform him that a gentleman who had visited Egypt had brought from the river Nile a most remarkable living fish, which he offered to hire for exhibition. The fish, I told him, was of a peculiar formation, and that the owner of it would place five thousand dollars in the hands of a responsible banker, to be forfeited if the fish did not within six weeks pass through a transformation by which its tail would disappear, and it would then have *legs*.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed CLARK, in great astonishment.

'I assured him that there was no mistake about it. 'But,' said I, 'his price is high, and I want to ask your opinion in regard to its success. He asks one hundred dollars per week for the use of it.'

'It is cheap enough, my dear fellow. It will draw you more than that sum extra

per day. Why, the whole thing is incredible. It will startle the naturalists — wake up the whole scientific world — and draw in the masses.'

'Do you really think so?' I asked.

'Upon my honor, I am sure of it,' responded CLARK, with much enthusiasm. 'Make an engagement for six months, or for a year if possible; then come out and state the facts regarding this wonderful transformation; announce that five thousand dollars have been deposited in responsible hands which will be forfeited to the poor of this city if the change does not take place as described, and my word for it, your Museum will not be large enough to contain your visitors. I declare I believe you will make twenty thousand dollars by the operation!'

'I thanked Mr. CLARK very warmly for his kind counsel, and assured him I should not fail to take his advice. 'In fact,' said I, 'I thought well of the speculation, excepting that I did not like the name of the fish.' I think *that* is an objection.'

'Tush! tush! not at all; what's in a name? Nothing. That makes no difference whatever. What *is* the name of the fish?'

'Tadpole, but it is vulgarly called a pollywog,' I replied, with becoming gravity.

'Sold, by thunder!' exclaimed CLARK, springing to his feet and rushing down stairs.'

In speaking of the introduction into his Museum of various novelties, Mr. BARNUM pertinently and forcibly says:

'My permanent collection of curiosities is, without doubt, abundantly worth the uniform charge of admission to all the entertainments of the establishment, and I can therefore afford to be accused of 'humbug' when I add such transient novelties as increase its attractions. If I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my Museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited camelopards, a rhinoceros, grizzly bears, orang-outangs, great serpents, etc., about which there could be no mistake because they were alive; and I should hope that a little 'clap-trap' occasionally, in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggerated pictures, and puffing advertisements, might find an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities. Indeed, I cannot doubt that the sort of 'clap-trap' here referred to, is allowable, and that the public like a little of it, mixed up with the great realities which I provide.'

One of the most instructive and interesting chapters in the volume is the account which is given of the 'management,' by which the 'American Museum' first passed into the hands of its present energetic proprietor. *Finesse* was brought to bear, with complete effect, upon a band of speculators, and the public, as well as the proprietor, were the gainers thereby. Nor will the frugality, the personal self-denial, and the assiduity of the latter, pass without remark, nor, we hope, without emulation. But clever and various as it is, we have not space to dwell further upon the contents of this volume. Its abundant *variety* will satisfy all who are 'studious of change,' or 'pleased with novelty.' At one moment — to say nothing of the kaleidoscopic transformations of his boyhood and youth — you find the grown-up BARNUM a paid puffer of a circus at four dollars a-week; an amateur negro-singer in his own company, 'at a pinch;' a field-preacher in a Southern grove; and other the like operations; the next enjoying the patronage of crowned heads in Europe, and filling his coffers with gold; then with JENNY LIND in America, doing the like thing; yet ever the same keen-sighted, shrewd, unswerving man; industrious withal, and always a strict advocate of temperance. His inculcations indeed, upon this latter theme, independent of his own personal example, are striking, and we doubt not will prove effective in the aid of a cause of which he has been a prominent advocate. We take our leave of the book, with the single added remark that it is simply, unaffectedly written, well printed, and liberally illustrated. That it will have a *tolerable* sale, may perhaps be inferred from the fact that the orders for it already upon the publisher's books exceed ninety thousand copies!

RUTH HALL: A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME. By FANNY FERN. In one volume: pp. 400. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

If 'RUTH HALL' be really an auto-biography, as seems to be inferred by many of our contemporaries, it is without exception the most 'out-spoken' production of its kind we ever encountered. Even her relatives 'get it right and left'—her father, her brother, her mother-in-law, all come in for their share, and no inconsiderable share either. There is one thing, however, which militates against the idea that it is an entirely authentic and veritable history; and that is, the praise that she is all the while awarding her heroine; her beautiful curls, her soft voice, her graceful manner, her charming little foot, and the like; yet even this may be an adroit piece of art, to avoid the disclosure of unpleasant truths in the first person. 'Any way,' the book is one of deep interest. It does not profess to be a novel proper. 'There is no intricate plot; there are no startling developments—no hair-breadth escapes.' 'I have avoided,' says the author, 'long introductions and descriptions, and have entered unceremoniously and unannounced into people's houses, without stopping to ring the bell.' And so she has; and what is more, when she gets into these houses, she lets you know, without any circumlocution whatever, what is going on there. Witness the following, for example, describing RUTH HALL's first interview with her mother-in-law after her marriage:

'"GOOD-MORNING, RUTH! MRS. HALL I suppose I *should* call you, only that I can't get used to being shoved one side quite so suddenly," said the old lady, with a faint attempt at a laugh.

"Oh! pray do n't say Mrs. HALL to *me*," said RUTH, handing her a chair; 'call me any name that best pleases you; I shall be quite satisfied.'

"I suppose you feel quite lonesome when HARRY is away, attending to business, and as if you hardly knew what to do with yourself, don't you?"

"Oh! no," said RUTH, with a glad smile, 'not at all. I was just thinking whether I was not glad to have him gone a little while, so that I could sit down and think how much I love him.'

'The old lady moved uneasily in her chair. 'I suppose you understand all about house-keeping, RUTH?'

'RUTH blushed. 'No,' said she, 'I have but just returned from boarding-school. I asked HARRY to wait till I had learned house-keeping matters, but he was not willing.'

'The old lady untied her cap-strings, and patted the floor restlessly with her foot.

"It's a great pity you were not brought up properly," said she. 'I learned all that a girl should learn before I married. HARRY has his fortune yet to make, you know. Young people, now-a-days, seem to think that money comes in showers, whenever it is wanted; that's a mistake; a penny at a time—that's the way we got ours; that's the way HARRY and you will have to get yours. HARRY has been brought up sensibly. He has been taught economy; he is, like me, naturally of a very generous turn; he will occasionally offer you pin-money. In those cases, it will be best for you to pass it over to me to keep; of course you can always have it again, by telling me how you wish to spend it. I would advise you, too, to lay by all your handsome clothes. As to the silk stockings you were married in, of course you will never be so extravagant as to wear them again. I never had a pair of silk stockings in my life; they have a very silly, frivolous look. Do you know how to iron, RUTH?'

"Yes," said RUTH; 'I have sometimes clear-starched my own muslins and laces.'

'Glad to hear it; did you ever seat a pair of pantaloons?'

"No," said RUTH, repressing a laugh, and yet half-inclined to cry; 'you forget that I am just home from boarding-school.'

"Can you make bread? When I say bread I mean bread—old-fashioned, yeast-riz bread; none of your sal-soda, saleratus, sal-volatile, poisonous mixtures, that must be eaten as quick as baked, lest it should dry up; yeast-bread—do you know how to make it?'

‘No,’ said RUTH, with a growing sense of her own good-for-nothingness; ‘people in the city always buy baker’s-bread; my father did.’

‘Your father! land’s sake, child, you mustn’t quote your father now you’re married; you haven’t any father!’

‘I never had,’ thought RUTH.

‘To be sure; what does the Bible say? ‘Forsaking father and mother, cleave to your wife,’ (or husband, which amounts to the same thing, I take it.) ‘And, speaking of that, I hope you won’t be always running home, or running anywhere, in fact. Wives should be keepers-at-home. RUTH,’ continued the old lady, after a short pause, ‘do you know I should like your looks better if you did n’t curl your hair?’

‘I do n’t curl it,’ said RUTH, ‘it curls naturally.’

‘That’s a pity,’ said the old lady; ‘you should avoid every thing that looks frivolous; you must try and pomatum it down. And, RUTH, if you should feel the need of exercise, do n’t gad in the streets. Remember there’s nothing like a broom and a dustpan to make the blood circulate.’

‘You keep a rag-bag, I suppose,’ said the old lady. ‘Many’s the glass dish I’ve peddled away my scissors-clippings for. ‘Waste not, want not.’ I’ve got that framed somewhere. I’ll hunt it up, and put it on your wall. It won’t do you any harm to read it now and then.’

‘I hope,’ continued the old lady, ‘that you do n’t read novels, and such trash. I have a very select little library, when you feel inclined to read, consisting of a treatise on ‘The Complaints of Women;’ an excellent sermon on Predestination, by our old minister, Dr. Diggs; and Seven Reasons why JOHN ROGERS, the martyr, must have had ten children, instead of nine, (as is generally supposed.) Any time that you stand in need of rational reading come to me;’ and the old lady, smoothing a wrinkle in her black-silk apron, took a dignified leave.

It would be difficult to find in any contemporary work, foreign or native, a more touching scene than the death of the heroine’s little girl. One can hardly read it without sobbing; and yet it is scarcely more affecting than a similar picture of the burial of her husband, with whom she had passed a wedded life of the most uninterrupted happiness:

‘Slowly the funeral procession wound along. The gray-haired gate-keeper of the cemetery stepped aside, and gazed into the first carriage as it passed in. He saw only a pale woman veiled in sable, and two little wondering rosy faces gazing curiously out the carriage-window. All about, on either side, were graves; some freshly-sodded, others green with many a summer’s verdure, and all treasuring sacred ashes, while the mourners went about the streets.

‘Dust to dust!’

HARRY’S coffin was lifted from the hearse, and laid upon the green-sward by the side of little DAISY. Over him waved leafy trees of his own planting; while through the branches the shifting shadows came and went, lending a mocking glow to the dead man’s face. Little KATY came forward, and gazed into the yawning grave till her golden curls fell like a veil over her wondering eyes. RUTH leaned upon the arm of her cousin, a dry, flinty, ossified man of business; a man of angles; a man of forms; a man with veins of ice, who looked the ALMIGHTY in the face complacently, ‘thanking God he was not as other men are;’ who gazed with stony eyes upon the open grave, and the orphan babes, and the bowed form at his side, which swayed to-and-fro, like the young tree before the tempest blast.

‘Dust to dust!’

RUTH shrinks trembling back, then leans eagerly forward; now she takes the last lingering look at features graven on her memory with lines of fire; and now, as the earth falls with a hard, hollow sound upon the coffin, a lightning-thought comes with stunning force to little KATY, and she sobs out, ‘Oh! they are covering my papa up; I can’t ever see papa any more!’

‘Dust to dust!’

The sexton smooths the moist earth carefully with his reversed spade; RUTH’S eyes follow his movements with a strange fascination. Now the carriages roll away, one after another, and the wooden man turns to RUTH and says, ‘Come.’ She looks into his stony face, then at the new-made mound, utters a low, stifled cry, and staggers forth with her crushing sorrow.

‘O Earth! Earth! with thy mocking skies of blue, thy placid silver streams, thy myriad memory-haunting odorous flowers, thy wheels of triumph rolling — rolling on over breaking hearts and prostrate forms, maimed, tortured, crushed, yet not destroyed. O mocking Earth! snatching from our frenzied grasp the life-long-coveted treasure! Most treacherous Earth! are these thy unkept promises?

‘Oh! hadst thou no Gethsemane, no Calvary, no guarded tomb, no risen LORD!’

As a pendant to this touching scene, read the following. RUTH, who has struggled with poverty and want in the support of her children, finds herself at last obliged, through the cruelty of those who had forborne to help the widow and the fatherless, to part with her husband's clothes :

'HARRY's clothes were collected from the drawers one by one, and laid upon the sofa. Now a little pencilled memorandum fluttered from the pocket; now a handkerchief dropped upon the floor, slightly odorous of cologne or segars; neck-ties there were shaped by his full, round throat, with the creases still in the silken folds; and there was a crimson smoking-cap — RUTH's gift — the gilt tassel slightly tarnished where it had touched the moist dark locks; then his dressing-gown, which RUTH herself had often playfully thrown on, while combing her hair: each had its little history, each its tender home-associations, daguerreotyping on tortured memory sunny pictures of the past.

'Oh! I cannot! I cannot!' said RUTH, as her eye fell upon HARRY's wedding-vest; 'oh! Mr. DEVELIN, I cannot!'

'Mr. DEVELIN coughed, hemmed, walked to the window, drew off his gloves, and drew them on, and finally said, anxious to terminate the interview, 'I can fold them up quicker than you, Mrs. HALL.'

'If you please,' replied RUTH, sinking into a chair; '*this* you will leave me, Mr. DEVELIN,' pointing to the white satin vest.

'Y-e-s,' said Mr. DEVELIN, with an attempt to be facetious; 'the old doctor can't use that, I suppose.'

'The trunk was packed, the key turned in the lock, and the porter in waiting, preceded by Mr. DEVELIN, shouldered his burden and followed him down-stairs and out into the street.

'And there sat RUTH with the tears dropping one after another upon the wedding-vest, over which her fingers strayed caressingly. Oh! where was the heart which had throbbed so tumultuously beneath it on that happy bridal eve? With what a dirge-like echo fell upon her tortured ear those bridal words, 'till death do us part.'

Without going into particulars, it may suffice to say that the poor widow finally succeeded, after running the gauntlet of indifferent editors and selfish publishers, in winning name, fame, and fortune, and, as we infer, a husband, although this last is not very explicitly stated. With a brief programme of what 'FANNY FERN' would be as an editor, we take our leave of her present volume :

'I wish I had a paper. Would n't I call things by their right names? Would I know any sex in books? Would I praise a book because a woman wrote it? Would I abuse it for the same reason? Would I say, as one of our most able editors said not long since to his reviewer, 'Cut it up, root and branch; what right have these women to set themselves up for authors, and reap literary laurels?' Would I unfairly insert all the adverse notices of a book, and never copy one in its praise? Would I pass over the wholesale swindling of some aristocratic scoundrel, and trumpet in my police report, with heartless comments, the name of some poor, tempted, starving wretch, far less deserving of censure, in God's eye, than myself? Would I have my tongue or my pen tied in any way by policy, or interest, or clique-ism? No, Sir! The world never will see a paper till mine is started. Would I write long descriptions of the wardrobe of foreign *prima donnas*, who bring their cracked voices and reputations to our American market, and 'occupy suites of rooms lined with satin, and damask, and velvet,' and goodness knows what, and give their reception-*soirées*, at which they '*affably notice*' our toadying first citizens? By JUPITER! why *should n't* they be 'affable?' Do n't they come over here for our money and patronage? Who cares how many 'bracelets' Signora — had on, or whose 'arm she leaned gracefully upon,' or whether her hair was braided or curled?' If, because a lord or a duke once 'honored her' by insulting her with infamous proposals, some few brainless Americans choose to deify her as a goddess, in the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON and common-sense, let it not be taken as a national exponent. There are some few Americans left who prefer ipecac in homœopathic doses.'

There is one great merit in this book which we have omitted to set forth. *The interest never flags.* FANNY FERN knows enough of 'dramatic effect' to be aware that the stage must never be vacant, nor the actors ever idle. Her volume, we may add, is well printed, upon good paper, and bears upon its outer cover a fac-simile of her signature — a bold, firm 'hand-of-write.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Feast of Saint Nicholas.



SELDOM have we so feelingly appreciated the inaccessibility, in winter, of our mountain-home on the Hudson, as on the morning of the sixth of December; for on the evening of that day our good Society of SAINT NICHOLAS were to hold their annual Festival at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel, and we had pledged ourselves to be present. How we waded through the untrodden snow to the dépôt, just in time to see the engine snorting on its way, trailing its white cloud of vapor through the wintry air; how we followed after, hoping still to be in time for the boat; how the pier,

—— ‘immeasurably spread,
Seemed lengthening to the view:’

how we arrived in season to see the steamer paddling off into the middle of the Tappaän-Zee; how we walked back, melancholy, and watched growlingly all day the trains rushing townward during the day, over the river, ‘it boots not now to say:’ but it was a sore trial. For, ‘by the same token,’ we had been compelled to be absent from the previous ‘tasting-supper’ of our brother stewards — for such was thrice *our* honored office — greatly to our regret; for well we knew what we were losing. Howbeit, next to being present at the great ‘Festival,’ was to read a succinct account of it from the authentic report prepared by an esteemed friend and brother-steward, for the Society’s official organ, the KNICKERBOCKER, which we here annex:

‘THE sixth of December, a day dear to the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, found them assembled in goodly numbers at the magnificent hotel that bears his venerated name, to do all honor to the day and memory of their illustrious patron-saint. At half-past five o’clock P.M. the Society met for the transaction of the usual preliminary business, which being over, the Honorable JOHN A. KING, of the ‘Committee of Instalments,’ proceeded, with appropriate remarks and ceremonies, to instal the following officers elect for the ensuing year:

FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, President.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,	Second Vice-President.
JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,	Third Vice-President.
GERRIT G. VAN WAGENEN,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant-Secretary.

MANAGERS.

WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	JAMES H. KIP,
JACOB ANTHONY,	JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
S. L. H. WARD,	WILLIAM DUMONT,
ELIAS G. DRAKE,	JAMES MANLEY,
JOHN J. CISCO,	JOHN ALSTYNE.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D.,	} CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D.D.,	

RICHARD S. KISSAM, M.D.,	} PHYSICIANS.
EDWARD L. BEALE, M.D.,	

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D.,	} CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, M.D.,	

STEWARDS.

JOHN VAN BUREN,	BENJAMIN H. FIELD,
PETER H. VADERVOORT,	D. HENRY HAIGHT,
ADRIAN B. HOLMES,	ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL,
	D. F. CERRY.

'At seven o'clock, preceded by their President and invited guests, the Society moved to the grand dining-hall, which presented a superb *coup d'œil*: the decorations of the room and the ornaments of the table being in the best taste, and worthy of the occasion, and the high reputation of the hosts. A statue of the Saint immediately in front of the President, in full costume, crozier in hand, particularly deserves mention — a superb evidence of the taste and talent that presides over the *cuisine* of the house, and which, in its delicacy of finish and minute detail of ornament, would do credit to the studio of any artist.

'Grace was said by the Senior-Chaplain, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE. About two hours were consumed in the full enjoyment of the bounteous and elegant feast, when the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. JOHNSON, returned thanks.

'The cloths being removed, the President, assuming his badge of power, the venerable cocked hat, arose and addressed the Society as follows:

'FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: My first impulse in rising to address you, is to return you my thanks for the honor which you have again conferred upon me, by selecting me as your President. With the benevolent object of our Association are connected the social ties that bind us together. I feel their influence upon me toward you, and I trust these will mutually strengthen with our years, and become more and more regarded by us all.

'Now, gentlemen, that you have partaken of the good cheer which our excellent stewards and worthy hosts have provided, before I ask your attention to a few remarks, not inappropriate, I hope, to the occasion, let me wish that

"Good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

'ROGERS, the poet, has well observed, that 'the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other lands, the more highly we must prize our own.' This remark is peculiarly applicable to the institutions of that land which our fore-fathers delighted

to call 'The Father-land;' for from Holland came the seeds of civil and religious liberty and popular education which her first citizens planted in this our Empire State; and from that land was derived the principle of federal union that binds together the several States of the American Republic.

'The rights for which Holland so long struggled are identical with those which the old Thirteen States successfully maintained. The principles which form their basis, and of our government as a people, were confirmed by the measures of the last quarter of the past century, and are now impregnable.

'In the year in which our national independence was declared, appeared the first portion of GIBBON'S celebrated historical work. In its progress, he described the clouded sun-set of a renowned empire, which once claimed the dominion of the habitable globe. 'The Declaration' was the ushering in of the glorious dawn of a greater power, because this was founded upon *human rights*.

'Let it be remembered,' said the American Congress, in their Address to the States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, 'that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended are the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the AUTHOR of these rights on the means exerted for their defense, they have prevailed against all opposition.'

'The descendants of the Cavaliers and Huguenots at the South, of the Hollanders and Huguenots here, and of the Puritans at the East, well know the inestimable value of these rights; and neither misrule, corruption, nor bigotry can ever eradicate principles, which the maintenance of these rights has made immortal.

'In depicting the departing glories of the Roman republic, the same historian predicts, that in the event of another barbaric inroad upon the civilization of Europe, America, filled with her colonies and institutions, would be the spot where that civilization would revive and flourish.

'But it did not, in his visions, occur to him as it did to a later historian — MACAULAY — 'that civilization itself might engender the barbarism which would destroy it;' and that 'vice, ignorance, and misery, as these exist in the great capitals of Europe, may yet produce this very excess.'

'Now, in the vast immigration seeking the new in exchange for the old world, are we to be exempt from the inroad of a portion of this infected mass; from the flood of infidelity of kindred association, and the insidious attempts to undermine well-settled American principles? Doubtless, not. But let us, as veritable New-Yorkers, rely upon education, the consequent intelligence among all classes, and the habits of reflection and inquiry peculiar to the American character, as the surest antidotes to those fearful, because subtle foes!

'A single illustration will exhibit another corrective. In 1789, the era of the Constitution, the population of the whole country then was a little less than four millions. In 1890, a century thence, it is on reliable data, estimated to be seventy-two millions. The same proofs show conclusively that the native increase very far exceeds the whole immigration, vast as that is. Here, of itself, is the leaven which will leaven the entire masses.

'Few persons who have not given their attention to the nature and extent of this increase, are aware of the important element which those of direct descent from the Batavian stock form in the entire population of the United States.

'At one time it was the most numerous single race in this State and that of New-Jersey; and its rapid progression in the national composition is fully attested by the results exhibited in the decennial returns of the census of the nation.

'In the able speech which my learned predecessor, the HON. GULLIAN C. VERPLANCK, delivered at the banquet given to the officers of the Netherlands' frigate 'Prins Van Oranje,' which will be found in the publication of the proceedings on that occasion, issued by our Society in May, 1852, the general view thus presented is clearly and fully considered and confirmed; and to it I refer you, gentlemen, for the information which is furnished on a topic, to which none of us can be indifferent.

'Our liberty, preserved from licentiousness, another source of danger, by popular education and sound religious instruction, will prove not only our own polar-

star, but a light to guide into the pathway to independence, those yet denied its blessings.

“When the conquest of Macedon was achieved, the Roman general, taking counsel from none, sent a herald into the assembly of Greeks met to witness the Isthmian games, to proclaim, as by order of the Roman Senate, *liberty* to the Grecian states. The announcement was so wholly unexpected, that the multitude were swayed by alternate joy and doubt. The herald is recalled, the glorious tidings are confirmed, and such a shout of exultation then burst forth, that LIVY, the historian, exclaims: It was clearly apparent that, of all good things, none is so dear to the multitude as liberty — ‘*nilhil omnium bonorum multitudine gratius, quam libertatem esse.*’

“But, gentlemen, the liberty, then proclaimed, was not the liberty for which Holland, for upward of three-score years, contended, through cruel and sanguinary wars: nor liberty, as understood by the founders of this republic. That is like the subterranean fire, which mountains cannot confine nor torrents extinguish.

“Unlike insular Great Britain, with its rocky-bound shores, Holland has the boundless sea on one side, ever struggling to over-leap her barriers, and on the other, periodical inundations from the Alpine ranges, increasing as they madly rush on and assail her interior defences. But here, in our own dear native land, all Nature is her ally. Man alone may prove the traitor. When this century closes, by the continued blessing of HEAVEN, the population of the United States will extend from ocean to ocean, and fill its broad intervening valleys. In this tide of swelling numbers, the American character will imbue the immense volume, with which so many races of the best blood of Europe, so much diversity of opinion, feelings, and habits will have commingled; and all opposing matter, of whatever it may consist, will either be absorbed or swept along with this spreading population, accumulating in its flow greater power and vastness.” [Great and continued applause.]

“The following is the list of the regular toasts:

“1. SAINT NICHOLAS: ‘Goed heilig man.’ Music: ‘*Mynheer Van Donck.*’

“2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.’ Music: ‘*President’s March.*’

“3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.’ Music: ‘*Governor’s March.*’

“4. THE ARMY AND NAVY.’ Music: ‘*Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.*’

“5. NEW-AMSTERDAM: The Colony of the United Provinces — the Metropolis of the United States.’ Music: ‘*Home, Sweet Home.*’

“6. THE FATHERLAND: The noble Republic which taught us the principle of Federal Union, and planted here the first seeds of civil and religious freedom.’ Music: ‘*Wilhelmus van Nassauwen.*’

“7. ‘EENDRACHT MAAKT MAGT:’ We translate the motto of the Fatherland, ‘The Union will be preserved.’ Music: ‘*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*’

“8. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN.’ Music: ‘*Here’s a health to all good Lasses.*’

“9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Rivals in acts of charity, SAINT NICHOLAS welcomes them with open arms.’ Music: ‘*We’re a band of Brothers.*’

“The President then called upon them to fill in bumpers to the first regular toast:

“SAINT NICHOLAS. — ‘Goed heilig man.’”

“Three good and hearty cheers bore testimony to the love and veneration of his sons.

“The President of the United States.’

“Three cheers, manfully given, made a pleasing contrast to the manner in which this national toast was received, but a few evenings before, at a great dinner given at the ASTOR House.

“The Governor of the State of New-York.’

“This toast was in like manner, duly honored.

“Fourth Toast: ‘The Army and Navy.’

'This toast, always enthusiastically received, was responded to by Lieut. J. B. McPHERSON, U. S. Engineers, as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: As you are well aware, the true province of a military man consists in acts rather than words; but the field for action having been pretty well gone over, there remains nothing for me but to rest upon my arms, or else give expression to the sentiments of pleasure which I have experienced on this occasion; and I would be callous indeed to every generous impulse did I fail to thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon those with whom it is my pride that I have something in common—to preserve untarnished the fair standard of our country: and if there is any thing calculated to inspire the soldier with energy and untiring perseverance in the discharge of his duty, it is to feel that he is appreciated by those to whom is committed *his honor and his fame*. Although it is seldom that those whose profession leads them into a more rugged field, participate in the good cheer of an occasion like this, nevertheless when it is their good fortune, that there are some who appreciate it, I can testify. But the cream of the feast is a good speech, and as there are several in store for you, I will not detain you longer, but give the following sentiment:

'THE MEMBERS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: May they have many returns of this happy festival, and *'smoke the pipe of peace'* and good-fellowship.'

'Immediately upon the announcement of the toast, a Dutch miniature battery, introduced into the hall, poured forth a volley of artillery in its honor.

'The fifth regular toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE. He said:

'I MUST confess I rise not without trepidation, as the spirit of the toast must lead me to historic allusion, and I find myself opposite in all honor to the *par excellence* Historian of New-York—of New-Amsterdam. However, I must try to recover my reputation, in expressing my sympathy in the evidence of superior wisdom and sagacity of the Hollanders, as evinced in the selection of this island as the colony of their country. The Dutchman has been accused of slowness, but my Long-Island experience tells me that speed and bottom are well known to be the two great ingredients to make the fast animal; and, however small may be my claims to the former quality, I think no one can deny me a full allowance of the latter. I may begin, then, on so broad and comprehensive a basis without much fear, and ask, where is the place to be found so valuable, that the Dutchman did not discover long before those who possess it in modern times? Many, all along our coast, sought places of refuge; the Huguenot in South-Carolina, the Cavalier in Virginia, the Puritan in the East; but who found the best?—the Dutchman. Here—here he founded the mother city, the metropolis of the United States; the nourisher not only of the arts of life, but of literature and patriotism; knowing no bounds but her zeal for the American name. When Great Britain, ever anxious to increase her territory, pitched upon the Cape of Good Hope, what did she find there? The Dutchman. And so, in the very island of Java is found the name which distinguished the country of your ancestors—Batavia. The country to which Britain now looks for the continuation of her glory was called not at first Australia, but New-Holland; and even when the British tried to get rid of the Dutch name, VAN DIEMAN, they unwittingly kept the Dutch denomination, in keeping the name Tasmania; for that was termed from TASMAN, the Dutchman. Who first doubled Cape Horn? The Dutchman; and, much as recent penetrations into Japan are made matter for glorification, we must remember that the Dutchman was there two hundred years ago. HORACE WALPOLE, in speaking of New-York, called it an opulent and proud colony; but, if opulent and proud then, what reasons have not those whose birth-place is New-York to be proud to-day? We must not look alone to the excellent situation of this city, but also consider the character of the men who founded it; men rocked into hardihood on the ocean itself, as MOSES was rocked on the waves, abandoned of men but cared for by God, and carried safely here to found the principles of religious as well as civil freedom. I am a New-Yorker, born and brought up in New-

York; but every drop of blood in my veins is Scotch, drawn from that glorious Presbyterian old nation; but I cannot forget that the struggles carried on, from Magna Charta downward, in the British islands, in favor of the rights of man, were never successful till a Dutchman, WILLIAM of Orange, was called from his home to establish those rights. Where do we find the first assertion of the great democratic principle of federal sovereignty, but in the Confederation of the Seven Dutch States? And where was Roman despotism effectually checked, save in the land where, indeed, aristocracy could not exist; because there, on the shore of the ocean, in the presence of the dykes, there was no room for a soft hand. The word was, 'Shovel or drown!' From the inhabitants of marshes came what has distinguished us from all nations — our system of confederated sovereignties. The Dutchman could be nothing but a democrat; there was not a noble among them all. True, the title was afterward assumed of Counts of Holland; but they were not the men of the marshes. These were the men who, though butchers, bakers, tailors, and brewers, beat back the chivalry that assailed their rights; not, as FROISSART tells, for honorable and chivalric love of fighting, but that they might get back to their ware-houses and their wives. There, too, was the great right asserted of man to worship his God as he pleased; and hither, in consequence, flocked all who panted for freedom of conscience. Here all, whether Christian or Jew, found themselves safe among the liberties of a great and free people! Can we wonder that the city founded by such men has prospered; that God has blessed it? England, great and glorious as she is, owes her greatness to a mingling of blood. The names the highest in her Church and statesmanship show a mixed blood. She shows not the deterioration which marks the greater part of the natives of southern Europe. In Holland, too, is found the mixed blood, and the consequent improvement of the race, which necessarily arose from the immigration invited thither by the freedom and tolerance of her institutions. The Puritan, the Huguenot, all rejoiced in the protection of the beloved Republic. There they found an asylum, and there they learned their first lessons. One thing delighted the Dutchman when he came here. The men with ten breeches are not ordinarily supposed to have much poetry about them; but when the Dutchman saw this glorious Hudson, unequalled for beauty of scenery and practical use, I can fancy him taking his pipe from his mouth, blowing a cloud of satisfaction, and exclaiming, 'What a canal!' An English writer described the Dutchman's horse as having his bridle on his tail, and his burden on his belly — meaning the canal-boat. I cannot help thinking the idea a good one, particularly when I reflect on the importance of canals to this State; and though it may be a weakness to ascribe virtue to names, I cannot help thinking that when DE WITT CLINTON conferred the vast benefits he did on our State, the Dutch portion of his name — the portion given him by his mother — must have had a good deal to do with it. Great as is the prospect that awaits this city, let her be at the height of her fame and prosperity, and surely there will still be found those who will honor and bless the memory of Saint NICHOLAS.' [*Enthusiastic applause.*]

'The sixth regular toast was responded to by DE PEYSTER OGDEN. He said:

"You have learned, Sir, from those who have so eloquently addressed you, the character of the founders of this city, and that among them, and them alone, previous to the foundation of our *own*, existed a federal republic. From Holland came the seed that was planted here — the seed of civil and religious liberty. We will never deny the debt of science and art which we owe to other lands, but we must not forget that it is to Holland we owe that we are what we are. With the political Constitution which our fore-fathers gave us, they gave us also the invaluable blessing of an excellent bodily constitution. I need offer no better evidence than to state that, sixty years ago, a society (the Tontine Building) of less than two hundred was formed, of whom fifty-one now survive. I ask, then, those who hear me to look back to the characters and principles of their ancestors with affectionate reverence, and never to allow their practice to fall away from the high standard they bequeathed to us.'

'After a few additional observations laudatory of the noble republic, in elucidation of the toast in its spirit and application, Mr. OGDEN concluded his remarks on this very suggestive theme.

'Seventh Toast: 'Eendragt maakt magt.' We translate the motto of the Fatherland: 'The Union will be preserved.'

'The President prefaced this toast by remarking that this motto of the Dutch republic, translated by us into another, which emanated from the greatest statesman of our country, would be responded to by a gentleman who enjoyed the intimacy of that great man whose voice was heard in public for the last time at the complimentary dinner given by this Society to the officers of the Dutch frigate, 'Prins Van Oranje.' One of the last addresses ever made by Mr. WEBSTER was before this Society; and his famous axiom, 'The Union must be preserved,' was almost identical with the sentiment embodied in the toast. The gentleman who then conducted Mr. WEBSTER to his seat was the same who would now reply to this toast.

'Ex-President JOHN A. KING, responded as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: On the occasion referred to by the President, it was my good fortune to have been one of a committee to wait on Mr. WEBSTER, who had declined, on the score of his health, the invitation of the Society, but whose arrival at the ASTOR House, during the dinner, had become known, to beg him, in the name and on behalf of the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, to favor them for a brief space with his presence. Although far from well, he yielded to our pressing request, and came among us to grace our festival, and to say a few words, in his clear and powerful manner, in honor of the Fatherland, whose means and credit, he said, had been ours in the time of need; whose early struggles for liberty had given the bright example to the nations of the earth, and whose sound and steadfast character had raised her to the highest point of prosperity and power. This, I believe, Sir, was the last appearance, and these the last words which were ever spoken by this great man on any public occasion. Feeble in health, yet clear in his noble intellect, he stood before us, honored and observed of all. Among the remarkable men whom a kind PROVIDENCE vouchsafed to us in the early periods of the Republic, two great names stand forth in proud distinction—HAMILTON and WEBSTER. The first, early distinguished in arms; then in the formation of the Constitution; next, in laying the broad foundation of the public credit, and in framing the organic laws of the government; impressing all with the vigor of his wise and enlarged views, with the clearness and depth of his comprehensive intellect. The other, equally distinguished as the great expounder and defender of that Constitution—as the able and constant vindicator of the laws and treaties of the Union; a statesman of large and liberal views—of a judgment which embraced without effort the great and varied interests of these confederated States; a Senator, wise in council, and without an equal in the clear and eloquent exposition of the subject under debate; whose intellect was of the highest order, and whose feelings and sentiments were thoroughly American. And now, Mr. President, I must speak to the toast which you have just propounded from the chair: 'Eendragt Maakt Magt'—the motto of the United Provinces; in other words, 'The Union will be Preserved.' And I must refer to the history of Holland for the sentiments I am about to express. When the provinces which adhered to the House of Orange concluded at Utrecht, in 1579, a treaty of union, they laid the foundation of the liberty of the United Provinces. That treaty declared 'that each province should preserve its own government, privileges, and particular religion, in which each should support the other, leaving the conduct of the war to the States-General of the Seven United Provinces.' WILLIAM I., Prince of Orange, was at the head of the League. He fell, in 1583, by the hand of an assassin. But the inscription on his tomb at Delft declares him to have been the founder of the common liberty, and of the true religion, and the father of his country. By the Union of Utrecht, the provinces threw off the yoke of Spain, and dared to lay the foundation of a new state. From that Union sprung the liberty and power of that great republic; and Holland, remarkable by her position, and for the invincible courage and energy of her sons, soon became, in arts, commerce, and in maritime power, one of the great nations of the world. Then it was that she sent forth a colony to the Western World, and New-Amsterdam was planted

by her hardy sons. The principles of the Fatherland, sturdy honesty and the love of liberty, accompanied them to their new home; and in after-times, when another blow was here to be struck for liberty and independence, the descendants of those sons were found among the brave and wise men who, in the field or in the council, stood forth in their defence. The sound principles contained in the Treaty of Utrecht — that the municipal rights and privileges of the provinces should be acknowledged and maintained, and the conduct of the war and the foreign relations should be confided to the States-General of the United Provinces — affords the first example of such a Union. Two hundred years afterward, the Thirteen United States of America, pressed by the power of England, made their solemn Declaration of Independence, and following out the principles of the Treaty of Utrecht, left to the States the management of their own affairs, and to the Congress of these States the conduct of the war and the foreign relations. And the Constitution and the Union of the States of this great Republic are based upon the same broad and sound foundation as enabled Holland, against fearful odds, to reach a glorious position among the nations of the earth.

'Eighth Toast: 'The Daughters of Manhattan.'

'Mr. MOUNT, a favorite 'BENEDICK,' responded as follows:

'He had the heart and the will; but 'to heavenly themes sublimer strains belong,' and his voice was insufficient for the task, though he had the gift of tongues, and could draw to his aid a spirit from the skies. 'The Daughters of Manhattan.' 'Like a lily among thorns,' says SOLOMON, 'so is my love among the daughters.' They are the mothers of the sons of Saint NICHOLAS, who can add lustre even to the virtues of their mothers; and they can, with all the fervor and affection of their hearts, turn to those sons and say, with the truth and pride of the Roman matron, 'These are my jewels.' Gallantry and devotion forbid us to say that the 'Daughters' are fairer, wiser, or better than other of Eve's fair daughters; but we can ascribe unto them whatever beauties and virtues are calculated to adorn, ennoble, and elevate the character of woman. Truth has no comparisons. It is not woman, mortal and evanescent, arrayed in bright material charms, 'the incarnation of the poet's God, in all its marble-chiseled beauty,' which rules the world; but woman in the image of the CREATOR and the reflex of that divine inspiration which has made man but a little lower than the angels. It was this which the ancient world worshipped as the universal VENUS:

—— "at whose footstool stood
An altar burning with eternal fire,
Unsoiled, unconsumed.'

'It is this to which the universal world now pays homage, 'the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.' While her proud and assumed lord could dignify even his crimes, and, by heroic deeds, make virtues even of his vices, the characteristics of woman were paramount to her own corruption and depravity, sparkling from beneath the shadowy surface which would conceal them. It was the divinity which stirred within, and 'became the throned monarch better than her crown.' It is woman alone 'who could disturb the peace of all the world, and rule it when 't is wildest.' It is her affection which can follow the North navigator 'amid thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' and through the viewless winds, and o'er the mountain waves; her charity which can extend to the barbaric East, and bind the wounds of contending hosts on bloody battle-fields. 'If we could take the wings of the morning, and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth,' even there will we find her arm to comfort us; through all the varying scenes of life, its changes and its chances, she is our shield and comforter; and when we are about 'doffing these muddy vestments of decay' — when the silver cord is being loosened and the golden bowl broken, it is she who, with heaven beaming in her eye, can gild the rays of hope, and smooth the way to the paradise beyond.

'Ninth Toast: 'Our Sister Societies. Rivals in acts of charity. Saint NICHOLAS welcomes them with open arms.'

'Mr. YOUNG, President of Saint GEORGE, responded:

'He said the President had introduced him as 'Dr. Younge,' but he declined the title, as he had never graduated in any faculty. He was sure there was honest truth under the apparent routine nature of the welcome given him as President of the Saint GEORGE. The orators of the evening had taken a graver turn than he had found usual at the hospitable table of Saint NICHOLAS; on that ground he apologised for the jocular turn which the toast he would offer might seem to take—not being able to do better on sudden notice than offer what was prepared before-hand by him. JOHANNES VON RIEMANN records the Saint NICHOLAS Club of one hundred and fifty years ago: Mr. Y. did not know whether it was here or in Holland. The young Hollander of that day, wishing to imitate the bad example of English clubs, called theirs the 'NICK' club; and on all hands was heard 'NICK,' 'NICK,' 'NICK.' The serious gravely shook their heads, and cried 'alas!' 'alas!' 'alas!' A class of compromisers, combining the two, gave the name which this Society bears: 'NICK-ALAS,' that is, 'NICHOLAS.' Mr. YOUNG congratulated the Society on not being a charitable one—on having no needy to relieve, as their sister Societies had. In his youth it had been his misfortune to be educated in a classical academy; and as useful things were neglected there, he did not learn the Dutch tongue. All the sealing-wax then used came from Holland, and bore an impression which seemed to him appropriate to the present occasion. He gave it in the original tongue, with the translation, as his toast:

'*De Maatskappij Van St. Nicolaas: Branden wel en vast hou den:*'

which being interpreted for the benefit of the Know-Nothings, would say, 'The Saint NICHOLAS Society: it shines brightly, and sticks well together.'

We also noticed at the guest-table, Doctor J. C. BEALE, the ex-President of the Saint GEORGE Society, and for so many years its distinguished representative and welcome guest at the festivals of Saint NICHOLAS.

'Mr. YOUNG was followed by Mr. NORRIE, the President of Saint ANDREW's, who briefly returned thanks for the Society he represented, and gave as a sentiment:

'*DUTCH PRUDENCE, INDUSTRY, AND FRUGALITY: The best preservatives against mercantile revulsions.*'

'Mr. STEWART, of Saint PATRICK's, excused himself from a speech, on the plea of the lateness of the hour. He would therefore relinquish his right in favor of others, and give as a toast:

'*THE DESCENDANTS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: Unlike their worthy predecessor, they have not slept the last forty years. We have only to look around on their magnificent city to satisfy us that they have been and are 'wide-awake.'*

'Mr. WITHAUS, President of the German Benevolent Society, reviewing the rapid increase of the American people, and the large infusion of the German immigration which come here, he observed, to be useful, and comparatively but a small part of which remained in the cities, took occasion to refer to the liberal contribution recently made for the sufferers of the ship 'New Era,' as a proof of the strong sympathy of the KNICKERBOCKERS with distress, come from where it would. He gave as a toast:

'*SAINT NICHOLAS, this petition grant,
Thou knowest best what mortals want;
Asked or unasked, what's good supply;
What's evil, to their prayers deny.*

'Mr. DRAPER, Vice-President of the New-England Society, alluding to the pleasant vein of satire that had pervaded most of the speeches of the evening, much at the expense of Saint JONATHAN, felt assured that all that had been said was said with the best feeling; but he could not help retorting somewhat in the same

spirit. He observed it had been said that the cock which always kept his head pointed north-east, did so to be on the watch against his hereditary enemies, and ready to sound the alarm. He believed that he did so that *he might snuff the air of hospitality and freedom*. He gave as a toast:

“SAINT JONATHAN AND SAINT NICHOLAS: May they be, from this time forth, as they have been heretofore, united in every thing that tends to the honor and glory of the United States.”

‘The Stewards of the Society having been next toasted, Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in his peculiarly humorous and happy manner, responded:

“He said it was a mistake to suppose that the Saint NICHOLAS was not a benevolent and charitable Society. The present scene was a sufficient proof that the Society had the best charity—that which begins at home. The distinguished sportsman from Long-Island (the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE) had defined fastness, and divided his subject into two points, and his bottom he made his second point. He was surprised to hear Dr. BETHUNE assert he was altogether Scotch in his origin; however, though there might be differences of opinion on international law, such, for instance, as that free ships should make free goods, he was sure there would be no objection to receive Scotch goods in Dutch bottoms. He supposed the President’s mistake in announcing the President of the Saint GEORGE as a doctor, was due to the time at which the announcement was made, as that naturally suggested ‘YOUNG’S Night Thoughts,’ and hence probably in the connection of ideas the error arose. The idea advanced that the New-England people were still kept sour in appearance by the harsh, dreary weather that met their fore-fathers on landing on Plymouth Rock, surely should vanish before the hale, hearty, and juicy Vice-President of the New-England Society, who appeared before the company this evening. He said that many causes had been assigned for his late absence from the country. Some supposed that he went on a secret mission; some for this reason; some for that. The truth was, he went abroad as a steward of the Society, for the benefit of the Society—an unpaid steward of a charitable and benevolent society. There he met his brother stewards; they held a congress of ambassadors; they tasted all that was to be tasted, and drank all that was to be drank; and to-night the result of their experience was laid before the company. As they had been ably seconded by the worthy hosts, he gave:

“THE HEALTH OF MESSES. TREADWELL AND ACKER, Proprietors of the Saint NICHOLAS.”

‘The health was drank with loud applause.

‘In reply to a toast to the Chaplains, the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE responded eloquently. Recurring to the days of his boyhood, he drew a picture of the city as it then appeared, and traced in glowing language its rapid increase in magnificence and population.

‘Dr. FRANCIS, being called upon for the medical report, alluded in a few feeling and eloquent terms to the loss of the ‘Arctic,’ by which this Society had been called upon to deplore the death of one of its members, and took occasion to call up Captain JAMES FUNCK, also a member, and who, he stated, had made the astonishing number of two hundred and forty voyages across the ocean, and had never put into a port for which he had not sailed.

‘Captain FUNCK acknowledged the compliment in true sailor style, and gave ‘The Memory of DE WITT CLINTON,’ which was of course drank standing, and in silence.

‘Several other speeches were made, and in the small hours of the morning the members separated, after one of the most agreeable festivals that has ever marked their anniversary.

‘Unlike the other public societies of the city, the Saint NICHOLAS Society has always endeavored to avoid giving publicity to the proceedings at their festivals.

and for that reason have not extended the usual courtesies to reporters. Those ubiquitous gentlemen, however, generally manage to enlighten the public, more or less, as to what has taken place, paying no kind of respect to the often-expressed wish of the stewards. As the only recognized authority, the KNICKERBOCKER presents the foregoing authentic report of the proceedings at the last Festival.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Another and welcome letter from our fair lady-correspondent in the 'wide old woods' of the remote North of our 'Empire State.' She seems a perfect *DIE VERNON* :

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake, Sept. 10, 1854.

'MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: A violent storm, which commenced during the night, and is still raging with unabated fury, compels me to remain in-doors to-day; and as I have pretty nearly exhausted all the resources of amusement our cabin affords, I believe I'll write another letter to you.

'I was awakened last night by the rain pouring upon the bark roof of our shanty, and the wind howling through the forest, making the mighty oaks and lofty pines groan and writhe in agony.

'For some time, I lay and listened to the driving of the storm till I became possessed with a desire to encounter its fury. The walls of the cabin seemed to contract and oppress me. I must be out into the forest, and *see* and *feel* the storm! So stepping quietly from my hammock, I took my pistols from under my pillow, placed them in the pocket of my hunting-jacket, put on my India-rubber boots, threw my 'poncho' over my head and shoulders, and silently leaving the cabin, turned into the forest. It was indeed a scene of the wildest description, yet, strange as it may appear, in perfect harmony with my feelings at the moment. There was nothing to interrupt the solitude of the wilderness, and the tall pine-trees seemed to stand like mournful monuments of the past, reminding the wanderer of the forest heroes who had roamed beneath their shade; and as the wind sighed among their branches, it sounded like the death-chant of some mighty chief, lamenting the intrusion of the white man upon his hunting-grounds. Long I stood there, listening to that dirge-like music, and fascinated by the peculiar wildness and solitude of the place, till the trunk of each tree seemed to my excited fancy to assume the appearance of a stately warrior, gazing with true Indian-like indifference upon the daughter of the pale-face; but as it does not suit my vanity to be gazed upon with indifference even by an imaginary Indian, I turned my steps toward the lake shore. The darkness was intense, and every now and then a crash like distant thunder announced that some aged tree had fallen a victim to the fury of the blast, and the sound was caught and echoed from mountain to mountain, till the welkin rang again. When I reached the lake, I found its usually quiet waters rolling in high waves and dashing furiously among the rocks upon the beach. Ah! how I longed for some one to share my delight — some one who could sympathize with me in my enjoyment of such a strange, wild scene. Now, I dare say you will think this a very peculiar fancy on my part, and slightly rash withal, and your wonder will only be increased when I tell you that I have been all my life a petted child, tended and cared for by an indulgent mother, who feared that 'the winds of heaven should visit my cheek too roughly;' and when I add

that I was educated at a fashionable city boarding-school, and have been a belle at Newport and Saratoga, you will be entirely at a loss to understand where I picked up such a strange fancy as to wish to witness a mid-night storm in the forest. Well, thanks to the man who invented India-rubber boots and water-proof cloaks, I was enabled to indulge my whim with impunity. I returned to the cabin, and creeping softly into my hammock, slept quietly until morning; and when this makes its appearance in print, it will convey to my sleeping companions the first information of my mid-night escapade!

'The interior of our cabin just now would really make a good study for a painter. The gentlemen, unable to pursue their out-door amusements, have resorted to various expedients to pass the time pleasantly within, but the poor fellows are as restless as so many squirrels in a cage, and in their efforts to keep themselves busy, make a great fuss, and succeed in accomplishing very little. One is cleaning his rifle; one sharpening his hunting-knife; a third puffing away most furiously at his segar; while another is twirling his moustache, and apparently seeking some inspiration from the rafters of the cabin. Their costumes are decidedly becoming and picturesque, and quite characteristic of the wearers. A sedate lawyer from an adjoining State, and who has only come up here 'for a day's shooting,' sports a gray hunting-suit, with fancy buttons, a sort of compromise between the lawyer and the sportsman. Another, an artist, and too much an admirer of nature to be unaware of his own good looks, has chosen a dark-colored blouse, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt, and left just enough open at the breast to show a red flannel shirt, which is remarkably becoming to his dark complexion. It would take me too long to particularize all their costumes: blue flannel shirts, red flannel shirts, and green hunting-jackets all flourish conspicuously, while hats are to be found of all sorts and descriptions, one or two of them adorned with a buck's tail, worn as a trophy by the successful huntsman. And now perhaps you would like to have me give you a sketch of *myself*, and my own costume, but I shall do no such thing; but leave it to the imagination of yourself and your readers to picture me as shall best suit your various fancies, while I continue my description of our shanty.

'A fire of huge pine-logs is burning brightly upon the hearth, and I have established myself near it, the gloomy cheerlessness of the day making its genial warmth acceptable. The hounds seem to be of the same opinion, and half-a-dozen of them are crouched upon the buffalo-skins at my feet, though the hunters complain loudly at my indulgence toward them, insisting that the heat dulls their energies for the chase; but like a true woman, I am obstinate, and determined to carry my point; so the hounds remain by the fire dozing, and occasionally looking up into my face, as though they appreciated my kindness. Good hounds they are, full-blooded, swift, and keen of scent, and as long-winded, as long-limbed, and as lank as a Yankee school-master; and to hear them in full cry, that's true music for you, and is worth a journey all the way up into this wilderness.

'Really, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, if you could only move that old easy-chair of yours, and come up to our shanty, I think I could give you a better idea of a hunt than I shall ever be able to do on paper.

'The walls of our cabin, formed of immense logs, with the bark left on, to answer instead of paint, paper, or plaster, are decorated with all the apparatus of the hunter and the fisherman. Double-barreled guns, rifles, telescopes, shot-bags, powder-flasks, hunting-knives, drinking-cups, fly-rods, trolling-lines, trout-baskets, and game-bags are suspended on all sides in indiscriminate confusion; and I often wonder how each one knows his own property, but they never seem to make any

mistakes, and it appears to be very much the same with guns as it is with wives and horses, each man pretends to think his own the best.

'And now I begin to think it about time to bring my rambling letter to a conclusion. I fear me you will find it exceedingly tiresome, for stupidity is very infectious, and the gentlemen rival each other in that commodity to-day. They have smoked their segars and attempted to read, but the books were soon thrown aside, and the segars resumed, and yawn follows yawn till I really fear they'll swallow each other. In my next, I'll tell you how I shot *that deer!*

J. K. L.

'Do, please': we are 'dying to know.' We give the following, omitting names, (so that our correspondent may remain entirely *incog.*) because we have a word or two of comment to offer upon it:

'THOUGH not a subscriber, Mr. Editor, to your invaluable periodical, I am nevertheless a tolerably regular reader of its pages, and have been ever since it was christened, as my absent dimes, if summoned to the bat, would abundantly testify. Among the many 'good things' it contains, there is nothing that I peruse with more pleasure than the occasional 'scraps' that advise us of the precocious developments of genius, wisdom, and 'smart sayings' of the 'little ones.' I have oft been tempted to give you what I conceive to be an 'elevated thought,' uttered a few years since by a bright little gray-eyed boy, some four years old, whose paternity his mother had been kind enough to attribute to me. Sitting on the door-sill of our humble dwelling one clear and balmy night in summer, and gazing with apparent admiration at the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, he at length exclaimed, raising his tiny hand to direct my eyes toward the field of his adoration, 'Pa, are the stars holes in the sky for God to let his glory through?' The inquiry seemed to me to embrace a sublime idea, and I could but give an affirmative reply, having no disposition to divert his attention from the glorious object of his contemplation.'

Now, as touching the above, what we have to say is this: We have received the same story, for our late juvenile department, at least a dozen times within the last four months; each 'authentic,' and each from a different locality. The simple fact is, the anecdote is at least twenty years old, and was many years ago beautifully rendered into verse by Mr. N. P. WILLIS. 'Who is our next customer?' - - - WE are indebted to the kindness of a friend for a copy of '*An Address delivered before the Young Men's Association of Albany,*' in February last, by Hon. WILLIAM KENT. It is in all respects a most admirable performance; and although we should have expected a chaste and polished address from its accomplished author, we were not prepared for a style and manner which possess the mingled humor and pathos of CHARLES LAMB. We subjoin a few extracts in justification of the praise which we have accorded to this address:

'THE post of an old inhabitant has some compensation for the penalties of advanced life; and it is with pensive pleasure that I recall some of the successive innovations which have made Albany almost the centre of the Union. Each innovation, I remember, was received with incredulity, and was regarded by the prudent as pregnant with danger. It is something of a distinction to remember the first steam-boat on the Hudson — the first steam-boat in the world — the harbinger of a greater revolution than conqueror or army ever wrought. It appeared in very humble guise. The rickety little boat, with uncovered wheels and machinery, looked much like a saw-mill, and impressed very few of the citizens of Albany with reverence for the illustrious stranger that had appeared among them. I remember, in the second year of its existence, embarking for New-York with a select party of conservative gentlemen, who smiled at the chimeras of LIVINGSTON and FULTON. We sailed in the good sloop the Oneida Chief, SHERMAN, master, and had a prosperous voyage. We passed safely the Hogenbarack, lay only a half a day on the Overslaugh, sailed without peril by the Dunscaun-

mer and through the Tappaan Zee, and entered New-York triumphantly, on the evening of the fourth day; but beaten by the despised steam-boat about sixty hours. The Schenectady Turnpike was an improvement of a different kind. That was deemed practicable and sure; and the same conservative gentlemen placed their capital in the enterprise as perfectly safe by the calculations of the coolest sagacity. Safe in one sense the stock has proved, as I have some of it now, very much in its original condition, undisturbed by speculations, and undiminished by dividends.

Keeping pace with these great innovations, which affected the whole country, I saw those civic alterations begin, which, if they did not find Albany brick and transform it to marble, at least changed it from a rural town to a beautiful city. The descendants of the Hollanders became gradually inferior in numbers, and the Dutch expired as a written and even spoken language among us. Slavery became extinct, though that institution had never existed in its full form, and it is difficult for an Albanian of nature years to work himself up to the current philanthropic zeal on the subject. If I were called on to designate any privileged class in old Albany, I should indicate the negroes. There was tyranny, but it was the tyranny of the blacks over their good old Dutch masters. They were like the lilies; they toiled not, neither did they spin. They were pampered, and full of family pride and laziness; and these are qualities which we are apt to ascribe to an *inferior* *negro*. They disappeared in a good degree with their emancipation.

The orator next adverts to the changes in the post-office arrangements, with the appliances and apparatus of modern communication:

'In my time, it was kept by excellent Dr. MANCIUS, in the corner of an apothecary's shop. There, of a winter's night, four or five of us, boys and messengers, used to wait for the arrival of the heavy, rumbling New-York stage, weary with fifty hours of continued wheeling, and clogged with all the clay of the Highlands. Do not fancy, however, that the news it brought was commensurate with this humble carriage. No, no! Through that little post-office — the size of a showman's box — we had views of the foreign world which the present time cannot equal. We saw there HAMILTON fall, basely cut off in the midst of his unfinished labors! We beheld there NELSON expire amid the thunders of Trafalgar! Step by step we watched the wonderful march of NAPOLEON, and saw his gleaming eagles, now fanned by Italian breezes, now floating on Sarmatian storms, now wheeling in wavering circles on the Elbe, and now tearing with ensanguined talons the fatal field of Waterloo! And finally, we saw that 'Babylon the great had fallen, and Paris, the proud city of philosophy, had bowed its neck to the conqueror!'

Who does not remember CRUTTENDEN, the witty host of the old 'EAGLE'? Here he is, drawn from and to the life: 'I cannot avoid alluding, when mentioning the remarkable strangers in Albany, in by-gone times, to *him*, whose guest they were for many a winter — him, in natural talent the equal of all by the acknowledgment of all — whose wit was wont to set the table in a roar, when fastidious taste and severe criticism were in the assembly. To describe mine Host of the Hill, would require the pencil of HOGARTH, or perhaps dramatic power akin to that which delineated him whom CRUTTENDEN resembled in humor and good-humor, figure, tact, judgment and convivial powers — in every thing, indeed, except perfect honor and integrity, in which he as much excelled as his prototype was deficient — in brief, the FALSTAFF of SHAKESPEARE.' The reference to the literary advantages of Albany, at that early period, are thus felicitously set forth:

'Books were not so cheap formerly as now. They were not rained down on you at rail-road stations; nor could you then, for twenty-five cents, pass a morning in conversation with the fertile genius of DICKENS, or moralize with THACKERAY — 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.' The works of our favorite authors then reached us somewhat as follows: We saw, by the English papers, that a new work of the author of Waverley was in the press, perhaps Ivanhoe or Rob Roy. We learned next, at a considerable interval, its arrival in New-York. Finally it appeared in Albany, entire, and was given to the school-boy for his two dollars, painfully saved up, and accumulated through many temptations. But the young enthusiast was repaid for his privations, and elevated by the enchanter's spell above all sublunary cares. School, tasks, ferules, parental admonitions were all forgot, as he roamed with Waverley over the Highlands

of Scotland, or charged with Ivanhoe in the lists of Templestowe, or reclined with Saladin, by the Diamond of the Desert, under the sultry sky of Palestine. I confess that I feel for WALTER SCOTT the debt immense of endless gratitude. I traced his subsequent life with filial interest. I saw him, solitary and old, with high courage, encounter and subdue the flood of unmerited misfortune. I saw him wither, and watched that singular psychological curiosity — a man's own hand describing, from day to day, the fading of his own mind. He sank into utter darkness. But mercy lingered still! There came down on his death-bed a ray of light from heaven direct; and the soul of the good man, in restored serenity, departed to his God!

The sketch which the writer gives of the old Albany Theatre, and the first impression which its attractions made upon him, is in itself a 'written picture,' while the accompanying remarks upon the influence of the drama, when well conducted, are liberal, sound, and philosophical. - - - We doubt whether a poem, which purports to come from the pen of Dr. F —, an 'eye-oculist,' ('eye-oculist,' as HAMLET says, 'is good,') and which begins as follows, would altogether suit the taste of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Howbeit, if like OLIVER, they 'ask for more,' they shall have it:

'NEW-YORK! — it is built upon a beautiful island,
With rivers that run round it in the shape of a fork!
While the steam-boats they go up from the Battery to Harlem;
Oh! there's not a place in the world like the State of New-York!'

'How say you, gentlemen' of *our* jury? Shall this article 'remain as at last quotations?' Yea or nay? - - - We have recently had the pleasure of hearing — although with too long an interval — our friend and the public's friend, DEMPSTER, the popular Scottish vocalist, in two or three concerts in the metropolis. 'Hard times!' is the cry; the theatres are sparsely attended at this present, and most places of public amusement have felt and feel the effects thereof; and yet Mr. DEMPSTER's audience, on the night we heard him, was as large, as cordial, nay, as enthusiastic in their greeting as ever. He sang one new song, the plaintive and touching music of which is by JOHN DANIEL, Esq., an accomplished composer and popular teacher of music in the city, which we are glad to be able to present to our readers. In simplicity and true feeling, we scarcely know where to find its equal, at least in kindred modern verse. It is entitled, '*The Scottish Widow's Lament*,' and was written by THOMAS SMIBERT, a writer of whom heretofore we have been ignorant, but of whom we hope to hear more hereafter:

'AFORE the Lammas tide had dun'd the birken-tree,
In a' our water-side nae wife was blest like me:
A kind gudeman and twa sweet bairns were round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa' sin' the fa' o' the year.

'Sair trouble cam' our gate, and made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate — a ewe without a lamb:
Our hay was yet to maw, and our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa' in the fa' o' the year.

'Aft on the hill, at e'ens, I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens — the father o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw, as gloamin' aye drew near —
But my a's now awa', sin' the fa' o' the year.

'My hearth is growing cauld, and will be canlder still;
And sair, sair in the fauld will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca', our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa', in the fa' o' the year.

'I downa look a-field, for aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield to my wee bairns and me:
But wind, and weet, and snaw, they never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca' in the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O HEAVEN abune! to ane sae wae and lane,
An' tak' her hameward sune, in pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw, may she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa', sin' the fa' o' the year!'

If the tears are not in your eyes when you read this, they will be when you hear DEMPSTER sing it. Be sure of that. - - - If any of our readers would ascertain—any poor, toiling, humble boy, especially—how much may be gained by honest purpose, inflexible perseverance, and an indomitable determination to win a position in the world, and an honorable one, let them peruse the '*Life of Horace Greeley*,' by J. PARTON, recently issued from the press of MASON BROTHERS, of this city. Coming at too late an hour for adequate notice in the present number, we reserve a review of the work until our next issue. In the mean time, let us state, on the perfectly reliable authority of the author, that the subject of the book has had nothing whatever to do with its production. Until he had determined to write it, the author had no personal acquaintance with him whatever; he had nothing at all to do with the composition of the volume, nor did he see a page of it in manuscript or proof, nor did he know one word of its contents until it had appeared upon his own editorial table from the publishers. The facts and incidents of the work were obtained in this wise: The author, who has performed his task with signal ability, procured, first of all, from various sources, a list of Mr. GREELEY's early friends, partners, and relations, and also a list of the places at which he had resided. All of these places he visited; with as many of these persons as he could find he conversed, and extracted from them all that they knew of the early life of his subject. These, with other authorities, more familiar to the public, have enabled him to present a life of the Editor of '*The Tribune*,' which may not only be relied upon as entirely authentic, but which, from its simple details, will possess interest for thousands of readers. Well do we remember Mr. GREELEY's early literary career in the metropolis. Did we not 'sit in judgment,' as chairman of a committee, to decide upon a prize-tale and poem for his excellent '*New Yorker*'—in the little office in Liberty-street, near old GRANT THORBURN's seed-store? Did n't we—did n't he— Well, never mind: we'll have our say about the book hereafter, 'if we are alive and well, and nothing happens. - - - ONE thing is quite certain: and that is, that snow not only melts itself, but it melts, in its first winter fall, all who see it and all who feel it. We do not mean the snow that grows cold and freezes, and blows from piled banks in impalpable powder, chilling the very life-blood of the traveller who encounters it; blinding his eyes, spreading a frost-rime upon his whiskers and beard, and making the very breath of his nostrils a trickling icicle. 'T is not that: but we mean the first warm, soft, silent snow; that falls like the lightest feather, and nestles, each flake by itself, into a pillow 'soft as the cygnet's down.' Such a snow it was, just suspended, that we found, on returning from town to 'Giraffe-House' to-day. The far hills, over the valleys of the Hackensack and the Passaic, rose pale and blue in the wintry air. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters at Tappaan-Town, the 'Seventy-

Six-House,' whence ANDRE went forth on a bright October morning, after a long confinement, to his untimely death, were as visible as if they were at our very door. No : it was not all, nor any of these, that arrested our attention, save perhaps for a moment. 'Young KNICK,' with his cap and ear-lappets, and warm quilted 'circle,' and variegated mittens, and new sleigh, the (*Snow-Bird*,) which we had brought him from town, was sliding down hill in his new vehicle. It was too much for resistance. *We* went in for that sport. Obtaining a reluctant loan of the little cutter, and, seated upon it, with a younger 'olive-branch' before us, (as happy a little boy as ever was in the world,) we started upon the descending grade. What 'rides' those were! The way was clear, the road smooth, the track beaten, the descent gradual, the way long and safe. Our feet-rudders never failed in their experienced guidance : and oh ! how it took us back to 'days long vanished !' There is nothing like it. Two hours of *our* life were never more pleasantly passed, since 'the days of long ago.' - - - ONE morning, some months ago, we had occasion to call at the standing-press room of this Magazine for a sheet of the same, and while waiting for it, our eye fell upon a circular which had been addressed by the Committee of '*The Knickerbocker Gallery*' to the writers whose names are enrolled in that book. And, so delicately and quietly had the noble tribute been devised, that this was the very first intimation that we had of the proposed honor and 'benefit.' And now that the work is complete, what can we say, save that, from our very heart of hearts, we are profoundly grateful for the splendid 'TESTIMONIAL.' It seems to have been a 'labor of love' with every one concerned in its production. Surely, no one who turns over the leaves of the book, but must admit that it is a tribute as unprecedented as it is noble. But we say no more. The truth is, our heart is too full to trust to a pen the expression of our deep-felt, fervent thanks. In this connection, we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following note from one of the Committee, trusting to the writer's kindness to pardon the publicity we have given to a letter not intended for publication :

No. 22 West-Twenty-third street, Monday evening, Dec. 13, 1854.

'MY DEAR CLARK : MR. HUESTON having informed me that the 'KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY' is ready for publication, I have requested him to present an 'extra copy' to you in behalf of the Committee of Editors. The book, as you are aware, is intended as an exhibition of the most cordial good-will toward you by the surviving American contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, of which you have been so long the conductor, and the alacrity with which every one responded to the invitation of the Committee, the interest which all manifested in the project, show how well your numerous collaborateurs have approved of your course, and how fraternal is their personal regard for you.

'Of the roll of KNICKERBOCKER writers you may very justly be proud. If the names of COOPER, FLINT, SANDS, SANDERSON, INMAN, WILDE, WALLACE, and several others who are dead, and of our poor friend HOFFMAN, who lingers in the shadow between this and a better world, were added to those which appear in the 'Gallery,' what rival magazine could boast of the support of so much fame and excellence? But the survivors, the writers of this volume, constitute a company not often paralleled by a nation's living authors. The list comprises some half-dozen, at least, who have contributed very largely to the world's happiness, and which it would scarcely lose for as many Californias.

'As for the portraits, (I must say against my own, that I think I am not quite so ill-looking or so old-looking as it represents me,)—as for those portraits which the public will be most curious to see, the collection is unique, and in all respects excellent. Our friend ELLIOT (who is held by good artists, as far as I know, to be the best portrait-painter of the age) has never done any thing more admirable than several of his heads executed expressly for this work. He should have been referred to with fit praise in the preface, but we did not think of it at the proper time.

'I am too dull to write, and should not have attempted this note had I been able to go down to your sanctum. Again a prisoner of that hard master who rules by cold sweats, a frightful hemorrhage, and an incessant cough, I am not permitted to go out except on the most genial days; so I send you by the penny-post my congratulations on the completion and on the quality of the *'Knickerbocker Gallery,'* and if you will come and see me, I will show you the correspondence of the Committee with the writers, which, if it does not satisfy you with yourself and with them, and make you for the nonce a very grateful gentleman, a little surprised withal that the contributors to the *KNICKERBOCKER* have so just an appreciation of your merits — why, I will never again try prophecy.

Yours, Faithfully,

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

We subjoin, at the suggestion of the Committee, the preface prefixed to the volume:

'THE *KNICKERBOCKER* MAGAZINE has been established for nearly a quarter of a century, and it is the oldest monthly of its class now or ever in America. It has been conducted with uniform ability and industry, and among its contributors have been a large proportion of our best contemporary writers. Our periodical literature has not been eminently successful, and the friends of the veteran and popular editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER* have known without surprise, but with regret, that his pecuniary recompense has been altogether disproportioned to his long-continued labors, so that only a loving devotion to the work, which he has led from its infancy up to a famous maturity, could have induced him to persevere in those toils which, otherwise applied, would have brought a suitable reward of fortune.

'The popular actor on the stage receives from the public substantial 'benefits,' and the painter or sculptor whose productions have been more celebrated than profitable, not unfrequently collects them in an exhibition which the lovers of art gladly support for his sake as well as for its attractive merits; but the editor has no such resort, as a test of the popular good-will for him, nor any extraordinary means of making up the deficits of a season in which what the world owes him has been withheld.

'It seemed appropriate, in the case of Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, to disregard precedents of neglect, and to offer him a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his *collaborateurs* that should be both pleasing as a compliment and valuable as a contribution to his means of happiness. It was proposed that the surviving writers for the *KNICKERBOCKER* should each furnish, gratuitously, an article, and that the collection should be issued in a volume of tasteful elegance, of which the entire avails should be appropriated in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. CLARK, is also a lover of nature and of rural life.

'The editorial preparation of this volume was undertaken by JOHN W. FRANCIS, GEO. P. MORRIS, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, and FREDERICK W. SHELTON; their circular to the old contributors of the Magazine was met, in all cases, by a ready and generous response; and they submit the result in confidence that a literary miscellany of its kind has rarely, if ever, been published of which the contents are more various or uniformly excellent.

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A RIGHT rare wag is JOHN PHENIX, who lectures on astronomy, through the pages of *'The Pioneer'* magazine, of San-Francisco. In proof of which, please 'take your eye' and 'throw it over' the following:

'THE SUN. — This glorious orb may be seen almost any clear day, by looking intently in its direction, through a piece of smoked glass. Through this medium it appears about the size of a large orange, and of much the same color. It is, however, somewhat larger, being in fact eight hundred and eight-seven thousand miles in diameter, and containing a volume of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the earth, which is certainly a matter of no small importance. Through the telescope it appears like an enormous globe of fire, with many spots upon its surface, which, unlike those of the leopard, are continually changing. These spots were first discovered by a gentleman named GALILEO, in the year 1611. Though the sun is usually termed and considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night. A scientific friend of ours from New-England, Mr. R. W. EMERSON, while travelling through the northern part of Norway, with a cargo of tin-ware, on the 21st of June, 1836, distinctly saw the sun, in all its majesty, shining at midnight! — in fact, shining *all* night! EMERSON is not what you would call a superstitious man, by any means, but he left! Since that time many persons have observed its nocturnal appearance in that part of the country, at the same time of the year. This phenomenon has never been witnessed in the latitude of San-

Diego, however, and it is very improbable that it ever will be. Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man named JOSHUA once caused the sun to 'stand still;' how he did it, is not mentioned. There can, of course, be no doubt of the fact that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to 'stand still;' but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little when JOSHUA was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible when we reflect that sea-faring men are in the habit of actually *bringing the sun down* to the horizon every day at twelve meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass, and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the sun has long been a matter of dispute.

'By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass, we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a very great depth; which water being composed by a process known at present only to the CREATOR of the Universe and Mr. PAINE, of Worcester, Massachusetts, generates carbonetted hydrogen gas, which, being inflamed, surrounds the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we and the other planets receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water, obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former school-mate, Mr. AGASSIZ, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope, he may discover a new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the sun may burn out after a-while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances it is pleasant to reflect that courting and love-making would probably increase to an indefinite extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rise in value of coal, wood, candles, and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows no body any good.'

'Upon the whole, the sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to gaze upon, (through smoked glass,) elevating to think upon, and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though with all these attributes it must be confessed that it is occasionally entirely eclipsed by the moon.'

Equally lucid and philosophical is Professor PHOENIX's exposition of '*The Earth*,' which is treated of at much length. We subjoin a striking extract:

'THE earth, or as the Latins called it, Tellus, (from which originated the expression, 'do tell us,') is the third planet in the solar system, and the one on which we subsist, with all our important joys and sorrows. The *San-Diego Herald* is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. As the earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving, and sentient beings; and as some of them are superior to the earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in physical and mental organization.

'But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of a mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of VENUS, the earth appears like a brilliant star, very much, in fact, as VENUS appears to us; and reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. PIERCE, the European war, or the split in the great Democratic party produced but very little excitement among them.

'To the inhabitants of JUPITER, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We recollect some years ago, gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the solar microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasonable beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of JUPITER, armed with a telescope of (to us) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth-of-July in New-York, or a mighty convention in Baltimore. 'God bless my soul!' he exclaims, 'I declare, they're alive, these little creatures! — do see them wriggle!' To an inhabitant of the sun, however, he of JUPITER is probably quite as insignificant, and the sun-man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in SIRIUS. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion that the death of an individual man on this earth, though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of nature, or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings.

'The earth moves round the sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day; thus moving at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour in its orbit, and

rolling around at the tolerably rapid rate of one thousand and forty miles per hour. As our readers may have seen that when a man is galloping a horse violently over a smooth road, if the horse from viciousness or other cause suddenly stops, the man keeps on at the same rate over the animal's head; so we, supposing the earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and sheep, donkeys, editors and members of Congress, with all our goods and chattels, would be thrown off into the air at a speed of one hundred and seventy-three miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, which is probably the only description we should ever be able to give of the affair.

'This catastrophe, to one sufficiently collected to enjoy it, would doubtless be exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise, when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany the movement. It is a singular fact that if a man travel round the earth in an eastwardly direction, he will find, on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reverse of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees who are constantly travelling to the West, do not live as long by a day or two as they would if they had staid at home; and supposing each Yankee's time to be worth one dollar and fifty cents per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.'

Mr. PHOENIX illustrates his lectures by an orrery, during the exhibition of which a number of choice airs are executed upon a hand-organ. His plan for an 'economical orrery' is thus described: 'An economical orrery may be constructed by attaching eighteen wires of graduated lengths to the shaft of a candle-stick, apples of different sizes being placed at their extremities to represent the planets, and a central orange resting on the candle-stick, representing the sun. An orrery of this description is, however, liable to the objection, that if handed around among the audience for examination, it is seldom returned uninjured. The author has known an instance in which a child, four years of age, on an occasion of this kind, devoured in succession the planets JUPITER and HERSCHEL, and bit a large spot out of the sun, before he could be arrested.' - - - WHILE cannon are thundering in the Crimea, and 'grim-visaged War' wears his most awful front in Europe, let our readers, happily removed from all the appalling scenes of bloody strife between nations, read and ponder '*The Song of the Sword*,' an admirable and most forcible parody of Hood's '*Song of the Shirt*:'

'WEARY, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
While with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

--
"Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament
And fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

"War! war! war!
 Fire, and famine, and sword;
 Desolate fields and desolate towns,
 And thousands scattered abroad,
 With never a home and never a shed,
 While kingdoms perish and fall,
 And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
 And all—for nothing at all.
 Ah! why should such mortals as I
 Kill those whom we never could hate
 'Tis obey your commander or die—
 'Tis the law of the Sword and the State.
 For we are the veriest slaves
 That ever had their birth;
 For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
 Is all our use upon earth.

"War! war! war!
 Musket, and powder, and ball;
 Ah! what do we fight so for?
 Ah! why have we battles at all?
 'Tis justice must be done, they say,
 The nation's honor to keep:
 Alas! that justice is so dear,
 And human life so cheap!
 'Tis sad that a Christian land,
 A professedly Christian state,
 Should thus despise that high command,
 So useful and so great,
 Delivered by CHRIST himself on earth,
 Our constant guide to be:
 To 'love our neighbors as ourselves,
 And bless our enemy.'

"War! war! war!
 Misery, murder, and crime,
 Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
 From my youth to the present time.
 Misery, murder, and crime,
 Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
 Ah! would I had known in my younger days,
 In my hours of boyish glee,
 A tenth of its misery;
 I now had been joining a happy band
 Of wife and children dear,
 And I had died in my native land,
 Instead of dying here.'

"WEARY, and wounded, and worn—
 Wounded, and ready to die,
 A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
 On the field of battle to lie:
 The dead and the dying alone
 Could their presence and pity afford,
 Whilst thus with a sad and terrible tone,
 (Oh! would that those truths were more perfectly known!)
 He sang the SONG OF THE SWORD!'

How many aching hearts must tearfully respond to this! - - - We have received from the MESSRS. APPLETON a new work by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, entitled *Past Meridian*; and from PARRY AND McMILLAN, Philadelphia, another volume, entitled *The Western Home, and Other Poems*, by the same author. Whatsoever is good, whatsoever is true, whatsoever is pure, may be predicated, in a moral sense, of every thing that proceeds from the pen of the writer of these volumes. It would task the research of the most obdurate and keen-eyed critic, bent upon finding fault, and relentless in its exposition, to gainsay

this high praise, in a review of any of the popular books of our earliest nationally-recognized poetess. Mrs. SIGOURNEY well sets forth the design of the volume first-named above in her brief but expressive preface. She whispers in the ears of those who have achieved more than half life's journey, that this book is for *them*. One can see her drift easily enough after reading her opening chapter, from which we are going presently to make the only extract from the volume for which we have room; for it reached us at a late period of the month. If any of our 'P.M.' readers, who have 'seen the time when they were as good as *ever* they were,' and who would have others think that 'there is no time like the *present*,' would compass the perusal of 'Past Meridian,' we advise them to call for, or order it, as 'for a friend in the country.' No matter about the *book-seller's* offer to send it, saving you the trouble: 'No, thank you; I am about writing, and sending a little Christmas present,' etc. Take an omnibus, go home, brush up your gray whiskers, and read the following, which we quote from the first chapter, '*The A.M.s and the P.M.s*.' You will not overlook the remaining chapters, after perusing the first:

'When the A.M.'s are the beauty, and the vigor, and the ambition of this present world. Of these distinctions they are aware and tenacious.

'Yet the P.M.'s are not utterly ciphers. This I trust, in due time, to show. If with them there is a less inflated hope, there should be a more rational happiness; for they have winnowed the chaff from the wheat, and tested both what is worth pursuing and worth possessing.

'Is there any antagonism between these parties? Is one disposed to monopolize, and the other to consider itself depreciated? Does one complain that

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage?'

and the other morosely withdraw from the battle of life, and its reciprocities? We will not admit any just ground for such estrangement. Rather are they differing tenses of the same verb, the verb '*to love*,' whose root is the blessed principle that binds the universe together. Children are they of the morning and of the evening, living on the bounty of one common FATHER, and lighted by the beams of the same rising and setting sun, to His home in heaven.

'The duties that devolve on the P.M.s are not often as clearly evident, or as strongly enforced as those which appertain to their predecessors. One, comprise the planting, the other the ripening process. In agriculture, the necessity of preparing the soil and sowing right seed is apparent and imperative. The requisitions to remove weeds and destroy noxious insects are equally obvious. But when the objects of culture approach their final maturity, vigilance declines. Still, the careful gardener will give the perfecting peach the shelter of a wall, or the clustering grape a prop, that it may better meet the sun-beam. The laborer knows that the golden sheaf needs the vertic sun, and the boy seeks not his nuts in the forest till the frost opens their sheath.

'So, in this our mortal life, though the toils that fit for action are more obvious and pressing, yet the responsibilities of its period of repose should be often and distinctly contemplated. For that richest fruit of the CREATOR, the soul of man, that which survives when all other works of creation perish, goes on ripening and ripening as long as it hangs in this garden of time, and needs both earthly and divine aid to bring it happily to the eternal garner.'

'When we first entered this pilgrimage many paths allured us, each bright with flowers, and birds of hope. Some we followed, till the flowers faded, and the song ceased. Others we entered, and hastily re-traced, finding only thorns and pit-falls. Now, approaching the close of our probation, a single road strongly solicits us, one prominent object concentrates our desires, a happy entrance into the 'house not made with hands!'

'All along the way there is happiness for those whose hearts are in unison with the divine will. With a prayer of penitence for the erring past, with a hymn of faith for the joyous future, they pass onward, their Christian graces ripening day by day, under the 'clear shining of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.' Thus may it be with us, until the last bright drop of this brief existence shall be exhaled.

'Those who have completed half a century, if not literally numbered among the aged, have yet reached a period of great gravity and importance. They should have gained

an ascent which discloses much of earth's vanity. They have passed life's meridian, and journey henceforth toward the gates of the west. Those who, like tutelary spirits, presided over their earliest years, and rejoiced in their blossoming promise, have long since ceased their ministrations, or departed to their reward. For the responsibilities that remain, they must gird themselves, and help to gird others. To a future generation they should pay the debt which they have incurred from the past.'

Commending this book, which is replete with wise lessons of life, true feeling, and often marked by the simplest pathos, we invite attention to the second-named work, from a popular Philadelphia house; a volume which consists of poems never before published, the longest of which furnishes the title: also of several selections from the illustrated octavo edition, issued by the same publishers, and of a few other excellent poems that have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, but which until now have been 'fugitives from justice.' To this collection it is our purpose to advert hereafter, should time and space permit. A well-engraved portrait of Mrs. SIGOURNEY fronts the title-page to her latest volume. - - - FROM a correspondent who had doubtless recently been attending a 'Shanghai Convention' at the village of 'Skinpenny,' hereinbefore-mentioned in these pages, we derive the '*Song of the Poultry-Fancier*.' Some how or another, the rhythm seems familiar to our ear: something like 'Row, brothers, row, the day-light's past,' 'and things.' However, here are a brace of verses, as a 'sample':

'FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
The BANTAMS crow, and the DORKINGS keep time:
Soon as the morning stars grow dim,
The BRAMAHS pour forth their matin hymn
Crow, SHANGHAIS, crow, the night is past,
And morning breaks in the east at last!

'O splendid fowls! the tranquil moon
Is shocked to hear ye crow so soon;
Sluggards of 'SKINPENNY!' ye may swear,
Since waked so early from sleep ye are;
Crow, SHANGHAIS, crow, the night is past,
Blow, blow your loudest and shrillest blast!'

MR. CHARLES SCRIBNER has just published '*Out-Doors at Idlewild, or the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson*,' by N. P. WILLIS, Esq. The letters which compose this well-executed volume have appeared under the same title which they now bear, in the columns of the '*Home Journal*,' a weekly gazette of wide circulation and acceptance. We perused the letters regularly as they appeared, and certainly derived from them the impression that Mr. WILLIS had never written so well before, as in very many of these papers. We were touched, as were doubtless a great majority of his readers, by the fact that he was an invalid; subject to a treacherous disease, that

———'mining all within,
Infects unseen:'

and his own thoughts thereupon, often casual and desultory, were all the more forcible and pathetic for that very reason, associated, as they were, with pictures of scenery, and the various effects of 'the skiey influences' of the seasons upon the writer. One thing we chiefly noted — not that we had not noted it before, but in a collection of published letters, the fault is more apparent — and

that is, the coming of new words, to express an especial feeling, or phase of feeling, a thing, or rudiment of a thing, which the writer has in mind. Several of these are very felicitous, and strike the reader at once; but we submit, that it is a facility of expression, beyond the dictionary, that ought to be sparingly employed. It is certainly a power over language, but it is also a 'power of words,' in the Irish sense, which becomes a misnomer when over-used. But these are trifling defects—if we are right in assuming that they are defects—in a volume which contains so much that is portrayed with a delicate and skillful pencil, the forms and colors of which, although often attempted, have never yet been imitated. The volume, as we have said, is handsomely executed, and is moreover embellished with two good engravings on steel, representing views at 'Idlewild,' including the very tasteful cottage-residence of the author. - - - On the last day of the present month of January, will take place the drawing of the '*Cosmopolitan Art Association*.' Such a noble collection of paintings and statuary, in connection with your *entire money's worth* in good periodicals for the year, should attract a large sale of tickets. In fact, we learn that *it is* attracting wide attention and a liberal patronage, as it *should* do. - - - THERE are many good verses in the Scottish '*Lines to F. E. S., of Marathon, Cortland County*,' sent us in a newspaper-slip, by an esteemed friend at Binghamton, but the piece is not so admirably BURNS-ish as one we published some months since, from the same pen. There is sound philosophy, however, in the following :

'I wad na' gi'e my finger's snap,
For ilka whinin' babyish chap,
Wha fears there might some chance mishap,
From future days appearin' :

'Upset his barn or barley-stack,
Or mak' his autum' harvest lack,
Or soil the coat aboon his back,
Or twist awry his gearin'.

'Then let's be jovial, generous FRANK,
Despite the sneers o' wealth an' rank,
For truth an' worth's the surest bank,
Wherein to mak' deposit.

We'll cease to chase the slippery dame
That hauld's the bauble, moneyed fame!
For sma's the chance to win the game,
An' great the chance to lose it.'

Isn't that better than growling? - - - THE proceedings at the 'Festival' of our good patron-saint NICHOLAS, which reached us at a late period of the month, have compelled us to omit much Gossipry which was in type, and all our brief notices of new publications, included in which are the following: 'Way Down East,' by JACK DOWNING; 'Mile-Stones on Life's Journey;' TAYLOR'S 'Land of the Saracen;' 'Art, Scenery, etc., of Europe,' by the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE; 'PUTNAM'S Elocution and Oratory;' 'Heartsease;' Dramas by 'G. E. R., Boston;' 'MR. RUTHFORD'S Children;' GRACE GREENWOOD'S 'Little Pilgrim;' with new editions of several classical works. Our next number will be a crowded one, 'if nothing happens.'

[The Secretary of the Saint Nicholas Society has at a late hour received Dr. BETHUNE's own notes of his speech, which gave such very great satisfaction to all who heard it, and though in his hurry to meet the issue of the January number, he had sent a report which appeared in one of the daily papers, he feels so anxious that the speech should be given nearly as possible as it fell from the lips of the eloquent gentleman, that he has now caused a slip to be issued containing it, with the intention of having it inserted entire in the next number.]

MR. PRESIDENT : On rising to obey your call, I find the course of the remarks I may make, marked out for me by the sentiment which has just now been so enthusiastically received : The Dutch origin and present grandeur of our beloved city. Its origin reflects honor upon the great type in Europe of our national confederacy, its wide-spread influence as the metropolis, the mother-city, nourishing every part of our land with the diffusion of her strength, assures our faith in the permanence of the American Union. Yet, agreeable as the duty assigned me is, I approach it not without timidity, for the discussion requires historical skill which I do not possess, and, it may be, reference to dates where my slightest error will be certainly detected by my excellent friend opposite to me, whom we all delight to praise as the accomplished, erudite, and very able historian of New-York, (MR. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.)

The growth of the city since the first settlement, nearly two centuries and a half ago, is a convincing proof that 'the race is not to the swift;' but a few years' residence on Long-Island has not allowed me (little as my concern in such matters must be) to remain ignorant that there go to the winning of a long race two qualities—speed, and a power of perseverance technically called bottom. For speed the Dutchman has not been famous, but no one who remembers what he has accomplished, will deny him credit for a full share of the other quality. Nay, Sir, much as is said of the ingenuity and enterprise that characterize other stocks which happily mingle bloods in the veins of our people, it will be found that the Dutchman is not a whit behind the shrewdest of them when pitching upon sites for his habitation. I speak not as a Dutchman, for my heart is throbbing full with blood from Scotland, (glorious, old Presbyterian Scotland!) but in view of facts. Let me recall a few among many to our recollection. When Great Britain, ever rapacious—I beg leave to take back that word—ever ambitious of commercial advantages, was pursuing her route to the oriental land of spices and treasure, she found that the Dutchman had been at the Cape of Good Hope since 1640. When she went farther, searching after the Cathay of the earlier voyagers, and looked upon fertile Java, she saw there the 'Queen of the East,' Batavia, founded and embellished by the Hollanders, who had fondly named it after their native land. If you take the other course around the southern extremity of our continent, you find the stormy Cape called by the Dutch skipper, SCHOUTEN, who first doubled it, after his birth-place, the city of Hoorn. There is also the new continent, whose auriferous soil is now enriching Great Britain, and where she hopes to establish another empire great as her own, now denominated Australia; look for it on a map a score or so of years old, and its name is New-Holland. Cross the Strait to the other shore, and VAN DIEMEN'S land tells its own story; or, if you give it the more euphonious

title of Tasmania, it perpetuates the fame of TASMAN, the Dutch discoverer. We have been recently rejoicing over the success of an expedition, more honorable because its triumph was peaceful, which has opened for us the lucrative trade of Japan: yet, sir, the Dutchmen have been established there for more than two hundred years. It was, therefore, but in harmony with their national habit and foresight, that, in selecting a place of settlement on the shores of North-America, they should have chosen this island. If you ask for proof of their judgment, climb to the top of our highest steeple, and, in the language of the epitaph over the architect of St. PAUL's, 'Circumspice!' There sir, at the other end of the room, you see in that picture what the settlement of New-Netherland was just two hundred years ago, about the year when it gained its municipal rights, covering its eight hundred inhabitants; if you take the view I just now recommended to you, what a mighty population, what wealth of edifices, what signs of commerce do you behold now?

Nor may we doubt that the rapid growth, but more, the firm foundation of the Colony, is due to the national, political, and moral character of its first settlers. Holland, like England, (the two most enlightened countries of the old world,) is inhabited by people of mixed blood. The other nations of Europe have each confined themselves to themselves. They have intermarried only with their kindred. The German, the Gaul, and the Iberian are now marked by the same features with which TACITUS and CÆSAR portrayed them. The effects of the incest are visibly upon them. But in Great Britain you trace the aboriginal tribes, the Scandinavian, the Saxon, and the Norman, with some other infusions; and from this union of different qualities has sprung her energy, her freedom, and her greatness. The same is true of Holland. From the beginning her blood was mixed. When the Roman legions swept the higher lands down to the forest of Ardennes, there were brave spirits among the various tribes, who would not consent to wear the yoke of a conqueror, though tempted by the appellation of allies. They sought refuge in mingled companies on the little banks that rose, like oases in the desert of waters, just above the level of the tides; choosing rather to battle with the waves and the tempests than to own a lord or an emperor. There, as over the Hebrew babe among the bulrushes, God watched over the infant Republic which was, in His future providence, to give laws and liberty to nations of both continents, and (may we not hope?) in the issues of His design, to the world. Shut up by the arms of the empire to the sea, they dared, notwithstanding the fury of northern pirates, to substitute commerce for the agriculture which was denied them. The love of freedom, which brought them to their hardly-kept homes, grew stronger from their familiarity with toil and danger. They had no nobles among them. They were traders and mechanics. The honest old Chronicler FROISSART, despite his devotion to chivalry, could not restrain his admiration of the valor with which belted knights were beaten back by brewers, and tailors, and shoemakers, 'who fought bravely,' says he, 'not for love of fighting, but that they might get back to their wives and warehouses.' Nor was there any chance for privileged classes within their separate and independent cities. The dikes (begun with the Christian era,) needed every hand. To be idle was to perish. They had to shovel or drown. Thus were the severe lessons of rugged, self-relying democracy taught them by a fortunate necessity. A common danger led to an alliance of the several sovereign cities, and out of these, at first rude and varying leagues, came, in process of time, the Union of the Seven Provinces. Industry, equality, and a love of freedom which would brook no limit from foreign or resident power, were soon followed by wealth, strength, intelligence, and a religious virtue.

Cherishing their own rights, they had the rare justice and sagacity to share them with all who came among them. The emigrant from other countries who brought vigorous hands and a sound spirit was ever welcome; and the religious persecutions, then and afterward so common and so cruel, sent many brave people, who loved their consciences better than their ancient homes, to claim the hospitality of the Netherlands; and to their immortal honor, the principles of religious liberty, everywhere else grossly violated, were recognized and established by them, at least as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, years and years before ROGER WILLIAMS or Lord BALTIMORE; nor did Great Britain, fiercely as her people had struggled for them, obtain her civil and religious rights until she called a Dutchman, of the House of Orange, to sit upon the throne from which the wayward STUARTS had been ejected. Holland had her reward. The best, the most determined, the very elect of all other lands, brought to her their virtues, their prayers, and their arts. Even the poor Jews, whom all else thought it a sacred duty to persecute, found among them protection and peace, while they enriched the commerce of their generous hosts by their skill in the management of the precious metals, and other branches of trade which they alone practised.

Such were the people, nationally, politically, and religiously, who founded New-Netherland; and when they came here, strangers to a strange land, the blessing of the God of the stranger followed them to retribute their fathers' kindness to His persecuted people. Nor should we forget that the fathers of those who were to settle New-England, as they had settled New-Netherland, spent eleven years in tranquil exile at Leyden, where they could observe the workings of the same republican principles which have since bound their descendants in a league never to be broken. The stay of the Puritans in Holland was brief; so was that of the Scotch Covenanters, who had only found there an asylum from persecution in a later day—(those sturdy Covenanters at whose severities we may sometimes smile, but whose indomitable valor and faith will win admiration long as the mountains of their native land overshadow the plains on which the bones of their martyrs were scattered thickly.) It was not, however, so with the Walloons and the Protestant refugees from France. They became incorporated with the Dutch nation at home, and their children came with the Hollanders here. Take the most early lists of residents in New-Netherland, and you will see names of unmistakable Gallic origin. I can not doubt, no one here will doubt, that the sound morals and pure religious faith of such men had much to do with the firm establishment of the community in which their descendants practised the virtues and inherited the prayers of their forefathers. When did ever a people flourish in sound freedom without the blessing of God? and when was that blessing given except in reward of faith?

The Hollander had few roads, but was familiar with artificial channels of water. 'His horse,' said a satirical Englishman, two hundred years ago, 'was made of wood, carried his bridle in his tail and his load on his belly.' And I can imagine the Dutchman, when he first saw our noble Hudson flowing calmly, widely, and deeply between its strong banks, as he took his pipe from his lips and blew a cloud of fragrance, exclaiming, 'What an admirable canal!'

Here may we see the source of that gigantic policy which opened a highway easy and cheap from the fertile West to our sea-port, through which the *treck schuyt* bears to us incalculable wealth. The man whom we New-Yorkers venerate next to him who is peerless among Americans, bore a Dutch name—the name than which none was ever more noble in Holland—prefixed to his English patronymic;

a fine example of the union between the two nations whose children have done most for New-York, DE WITT CLINTON! Is it too much to suppose, that the name given him by baptism inspired him with the thought of imitating here the method which had enriched the mother-land? How thankful should we be for an association fruitful of such results!

But, Sir, I fear that I may weary you and the Society; (cries of no! no! go on! go on!) Since, however, you are so patient with me, let me add, that, though since the opening of the canals, the prosperity of New-York has increased at a far greater rate, yet all along its growth has been vigorous and accreting, as its annals abundantly prove.

NICHOLS, the first English Governor, writing to the DUKE of YORK in 1664, says that, 'New-York is the best of all his Majesty's towns in America, and that within five years, the staple of America will be drawn hither, of which the brethren of Boston are very sensible.' They had good reason for their sensibility. Some time after, I forget when, a Pennsylvanian, travelling this way, was so alarmed at the enterprise of New-York, that he wrote home his fears lest it should be a formidable rival of Philadelphia, in trade with—New-Jersey! HORACE WALPOLE, in a letter just after the storm of FORT WILLIAM HENRY, speaks of 'the opulent and proud colony of New-York.' If New-Yorkers had a right to be proud of their opulence then, how proud may we be now!

But Sir, what is our present prosperity to that yet in store for this city? When the isthmus is bridged with the rail or cut through by a Dutch-like canal, and the trade of India and the world centres here, who can estimate its growth? Where will be its parallel? Yet to maintain this unexampled greatness, it is well for us to remember, that we may imitate the faith, the virtue, and policy of our noble predecessors on the soil. Here, as in the mother Netherlands, all nations shall send their blood, their arts, and their industry. Here let us see that the principles which have made us what we are, be maintained paramount. But, it is pleasant for us to know that, when the city has reached its largest limit and its highest dignity, on the broad stones of its foundation will be graven for ever the names of those who like you, Sir, and your associates, venerated the memory of ST. NICHOLAS.